Week August 14th 1948 Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

REPORT ON NUDISM

by John May

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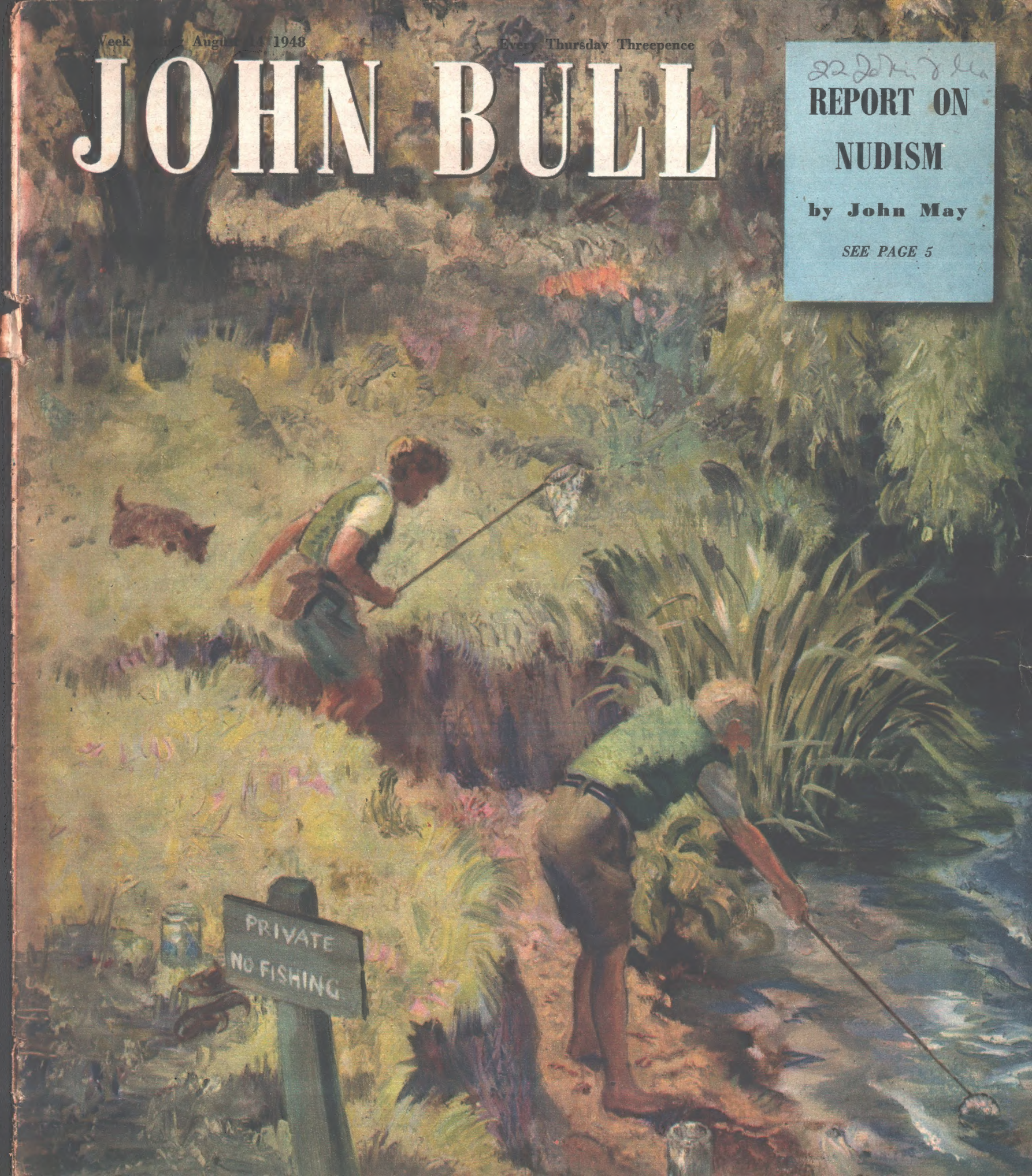


"I'm no leader..." —said Marjorie

"I'm just a sheep—one of the 'yes girls'."

"*But your war job wasn't exactly sheeplike.*"

"Ah, that was different. We were up against it then."

"*What about now?*"

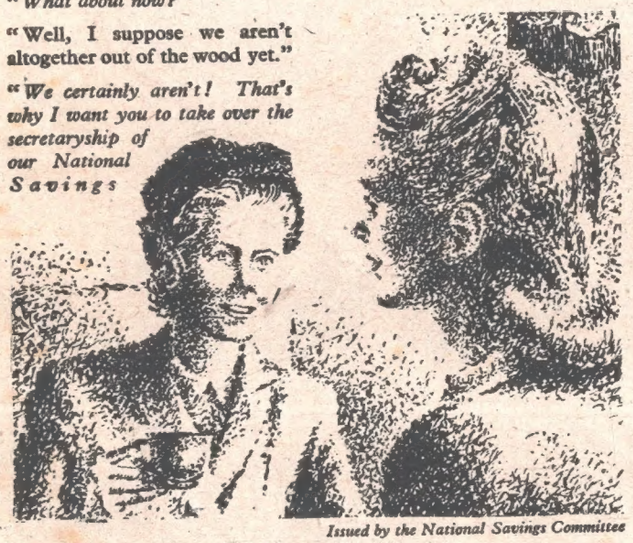
"Well, I suppose we aren't altogether out of the wood yet."

"*We certainly aren't! That's why I want you to take over the secretaryship of our National Savings Group. No need for me to tell you how important it is to keep it going.*"

"But isn't there *anyone* else?"

"*Of course there is. But you know it's just the sort of job you enjoy doing once you've got your teeth into it.*"

"O.K. I'll do it. Buckle on my armour again and all that. Mind you, I'm looking to you for an awful lot of moral support. Keep your fingers crossed for me, won't you?"



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JOHN BULL

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AUGUST 14, 1948 VOLUME 84 NUMBER 2198

India—After a Year

A YEAR AGO THIS WEEKEND the last British troops left Bombay and the new Dominions of India and Pakistan were born. The population of the Empire was halved overnight, and nobody knew whether the Commonwealth had gained what the Empire had lost.

On the one hand, there were fearful prophecies of doom for India's millions in war and famine. On the other, there was praise for this sudden settlement of the Indian problem. Which was right? Has Britain's walkout and the establishment of two new nations been a success?

We judge that, on the evidence of the first year, it has.

No civil war has set the sub-continent aflame. It is true that communal riots last year caused many terrible casualties and a pitiable coming and going of refugees. It is also a fact that a disguised struggle has been waged in Kashmir.

But, on the whole, the Indian leaders have kept their heads and their promises. Their statesmanship, under the still watchful eye of Britain, has been equal to a great occasion.

And now that the first uprush of rivalries and jealousies has subsided, we may reasonably hope that peace in India is assured.

Meanwhile, neither Dominion has left the Commonwealth. This is yet a further guarantee of peace, and a sign that membership of the British family of nations is still regarded in the East as worth having.

Good wishes to both Dominions on their first birthday.

Politics Without Processions

THE RENEWAL OF THE BAN on political processions in London is to be welcomed rather than deplored. Because it does not mean interference with freedom of speech or any man's right to air his views in public.

It simply means that the minority of extremists who seem to prefer force to reason are deprived of one way of making themselves a nuisance to other people.

The truth is that we British do not find it necessary to march in procession, with bands and banners and blackjacks, to keep our various political faiths firm and bright.

To us, politics is something you discuss in a friendly way in the pub or round the fire; over the newspaper or at a properly conducted meeting.

We don't want our politics militarized into the kind of processions which generally become mechanical demonstrations of loyalty to some Fuehrer.

We left that sort of childish but dangerous nonsense to Hitler's dupes—and Mussolini's. Now we are equally content to leave it to others—if they want it.

We think for ourselves, and we walk by ourselves. Every Briton is his own Prime Minister. That's why he doesn't want political processions.

Profiteering in Plums

FRUIT PRICES are still too high.

There is, for example, a glut of plums in the orchards. But there is no glut in the kitchens, because the housewife is asked to pay too much.

Bottling, cooking and eating plums ought to sell, this week, at a modest price allowing just a small, reasonable profit over the cost of picking. Unlike apples, plums are cheap to grow. And jam-making plums are cheap enough to the manufacturer—a penny a pound in some cases.

But between the housewives and the orchard is interposed that vicious system under which middlemen make more profit out of a scarcity than out of glut.

This is why we need a Fruit Marketing Board — to cut out the waste and the profiteering, and carry on a battle which must be won if we are to have a prosperous agriculture *and* plenty of cheap food for the people.

It is no good leaving perishable fruit at the mercy of the middlemen who make the price rings. They are just out for profit, and they don't care a bit if the fruit perishes while children go without.

Cutting Whose Load?

WILL FUEL MINISTER GAITSKELL'S latest plan to reduce the use of electric current really cut the peak load as he hopes?

The idea is to charge more for domestic current during the three coldest winter months, and less during the rest of the year, so averaging out.

Although it's a clever idea, it seems to leave human nature out of consideration.

The first autumnal nip in the air—not so far off now—will start people switching on electric fires in the morning. And of course in September they will not seriously stop to think: "This warmth is costing me less money."

Nor will they, if December brings the arctic chill of real winter, seriously stop to think: "Oh, dear, I really can't afford to warm myself up this morning."

So those fires will probably go on, and the peak load will jump, just the same.

There are certain essentials people will have at any cost, and winter warmth is one of them. Therefore the only consumers of electricity influenced by Gaitskell's well-meaning plan may very well be the poorest, who cannot budget over a year but live from hand to mouth and from week to week.

If they haven't an extra coin to drop in the meter, they must shiver. If they drop an extra one in, they will have to go without something else.

Meanwhile, everyone who doesn't have to count the pennies so carefully will go on burning current as and when he needs it.

There's only one real remedy—although it's a long-term one—and that is to hasten the completion of new generating plant to give us all the current we need.

Footnote to the Games

THE OLYMPIC GAMES END this Saturday. Thousands of competitors will disperse next week to their homes across the Channel and the oceans, and we are willing to bet that many of them will be salesmen (and saleswomen) for British recovery.

Of course we haven't done well in the Games. We never expected to, in all the circumstances.

But we have shown that this war-battered, crisis-racked old country can still put on a good show, still entertain royally, still do things in the grand manner.

The dreary legend, spread abroad partly by Englishmen who ought to know better, that Britain is decaying, will be contradicted by our foreign guests when they go back to their own countries.

Time marches on!

We've all a job to do, a part to play
To turn our economic night to day.
That's why I ask just now
"Your patience, please.
My own part takes me mainly overseas."

JOHNNIE WALKER

MAXIMUM PRICES as fixed by The Scotch Whisky Association "Red Label" 33/4 per bottle 17/5 half-bottle "Black Label" 35/4 per bottle

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Tail feathers are marked by their colourful jollity
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LIKE THE 'QUEEN MARY'"

SAYS MRS. J. WOOD, OF RICHMOND, SURREY

"Yes, my little home and the 'Queen Mary' are both Hoover-cleaned," said Mrs. J. Wood, of Richmond, Surrey, in a recent interview, "after all, since you can get a Hoover for much the same price as ordinary makes, why not?"

HOUSEWIVES *in every walk of life* are now realising that present Hoover prices are so reasonable that they, too, can have the make of cleaner used for the lounges of the "Queen Mary", and wherever else quality and efficiency are the first considerations. The Hoover, which "beats . . . as it sweeps . . . as it cleans", saves hours of weary drudgery every week. By cleaning so thoroughly, it also makes carpets last longer; and you fit the cleaning tools — for curtains, upholstery etc. — *in a second.*

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REPORT ON NUDISM

by JOHN MAY

The flippant or prurient have no place in the serious business of "naturism." What's a nudist camp like? John May went to find out

Mixed doubles at tenikoits. Moral tone in camps compares well with average tennis club, said a nudist

IF THE SUN SHINES this weekend millions will be out enjoying it. But, however hot it becomes, only the nudists will take off their clothes and go about naked.

Nudists claim that new recruits are fast swelling the no-shirt ranks. They say that we should benefit enormously if everyone adopted the idea. But what sticks in the throats of most non-nudists is that it all appears rather abnormal. Why do nudists like wearing no clothes? It seems chilly, uncomfortable and inconvenient. And what do they *do* in nudist camps?

The man-in-the-street suspects something questionable; he can't imagine any other reason for such goings-on. What is sometimes called "naturism" is to him unnatural.

Spicy stories in newspapers tend to mislead him. Inquisitive schoolchildren pull holes in a club's screening fences and their parents become worried. A local council has a brush with a primitive colony about châlets or sanitation. Wandering about the large wooded grounds of a nudist club, an absent-minded member gets lost, takes a short cut home, and is seen at dusk dashing naked through a village.

In fact, there is no dark secret about nudism.

Before I went to see for myself, I gathered a pile of nudist literature and set about reading it up. The glossy British nudist magazines obviously gave an over-glamorized impression. They took a humourless, and almost religious attitude. Their photographs of professional female models were too stodgily "artistic" to be true.

Curiosity is an Attraction

Why have this pictorial literature about nudism? The answer is a commercial one: because it sells. The nudist movement is not responsible for the magazines, though it advertises in them. There's a similarity of interests, however. The blurred pictures of naked women satisfy in certain readers a little of the same body curiosity which, in my view, is one reason why people go to nudist camps.

Family pictures in the *Australian Sunbather* are more natural and pleasant than Britain's posed products. This magazine also runs a nudist "strip." Blond John Moore and his brunette wife Mary shed their clothing in the sultry bush on the way to a deserted beach. A tree snake makes a pass at Mary, but John (with more forethought than Adam in a like crisis) grabs a tomahawk from his pack and chops off the serpent's head.

One uninhibited French publication captions its pictures with verses from Baudelaire. And a Danish periodical widens its appeal with articles in Esperanto and English. Its gallant attempt at translation beneath one photograph explains: "In snow the sun*freind* never gives up. He must every day take off the clothes for enjoying the nature."

Some readers of these magazines write interminable letters to nudist club secretaries. To screen out frivolous inquiries, many clubs make a nominal charge for the pamphlet of their particulars. A shillingsworth of stamps to buy sunshine! Civilization has made this simple thing, sunbathing "in the altogether," into something complicated and in a way dangerous.

It is a blazing hot day. I am typing this article in my garden in the country clad only in shorts and shoes. If I undressed completely and a passer-by saw me and complained, I could be prosecuted. In weather like this a spot of private nudism here might be pleasant, but I have never felt the need to go to a nudist club. As part of my investigation, however, I answered the advertisement of one not too far from where I live, and went there to spend a day "in the buff."

It was raining as I arrived. Tall hedges concealed the drive winding up to the house. Only a head peeped round the front door when I rang the bell. I was shown into a small dressing-room just inside and left to myself. I undressed. This was it. Feeling like someone who had lost his dressing-gown and could not find the bathroom, I opened a door and stepped into the lounge.

Cloak of Anonymity

"Good morning," said two men pleasantly. One was writing letters, the other reading a newspaper; both were entirely naked. I sat in an armchair and picked up the previous Sunday's *People*. From behind its pages I responded almost normally to another "good morning" from a young woman who strode briskly and unclothed through the room.

At the midday meal everyone was addressed by his first name, even by the staff. I had been told previously that some people in nudism used "club names." This custom is due presumably to the absurdity, once having abandoned trousers, of clinging to title. It provides also a cloak of anonymity.

The food was comparable with meals I have eaten in office canteens. As the entire company of diners was nude we rose from the table impressed with the simple design of the chairs.

The proprietor of this club began his nudist camping twenty-five years ago with a couple of tents in a wood. When the sun came out he showed me round. We looked over his large recreation room, the bedrooms, the conservatory fitted with sunlamps. Outside we explored sunbathing lawns, an ornamental pond being converted into a splash pool, some châlets and pleasant green walks. There was a sunken footpath with a tap for washing the feet before going indoors.

Some Are "Permanents"

A few members were desultorily gardening. One stood in the sun smoking a cigarette. A young woman sat on the loggia step sewing. Only one dark youth and a very young girl had any claims to beauty of form.

This was one of the proprietory clubs which provide board and lodging. Most of them have a large country house with extensive screened grounds, where some nudists live permanently, some come for holidays, and others visit at weekends or when there are rallies. The annual subscription is a guinea, or less for members from a distance. Except at the height of the season, living-in costs about five guineas a week, bed and breakfast 12s. 6d.

Proprietory clubs feel that they have done much to publicise nudism by their advertising. One asks that visitors should remove all body hair, but this is rare. Another is run by a pioneer who is bearded like an Old Testament prophet.

The largest purely indoor club is in West London. Many of its five hundred members belong also to weekend outdoor clubs. But on weekday evenings, when they cannot get out of town, they bask indoors beneath a battery of sunlamps.

The majority of nudist groups are private. The average club has anything from a dozen to a hundred members, with a site of one to ten acres, very often in woodland. There is usually a communal club house, with separate undressing rooms and toilets for men and women. Most sites have a swimming pool of some kind, games courts, and swings and sandpits for children.

Very often all the work is done by the members, including cooking their own meals in the club kitchen. They pay an annual subscription of anything from 10s. 6d. upwards, generally more for men than women, with a reduction for couples.

In cold weather they dress or not, as they like. They play badminton, tenikoits, and volley ball. Indoors they have darts, table tennis and debates.

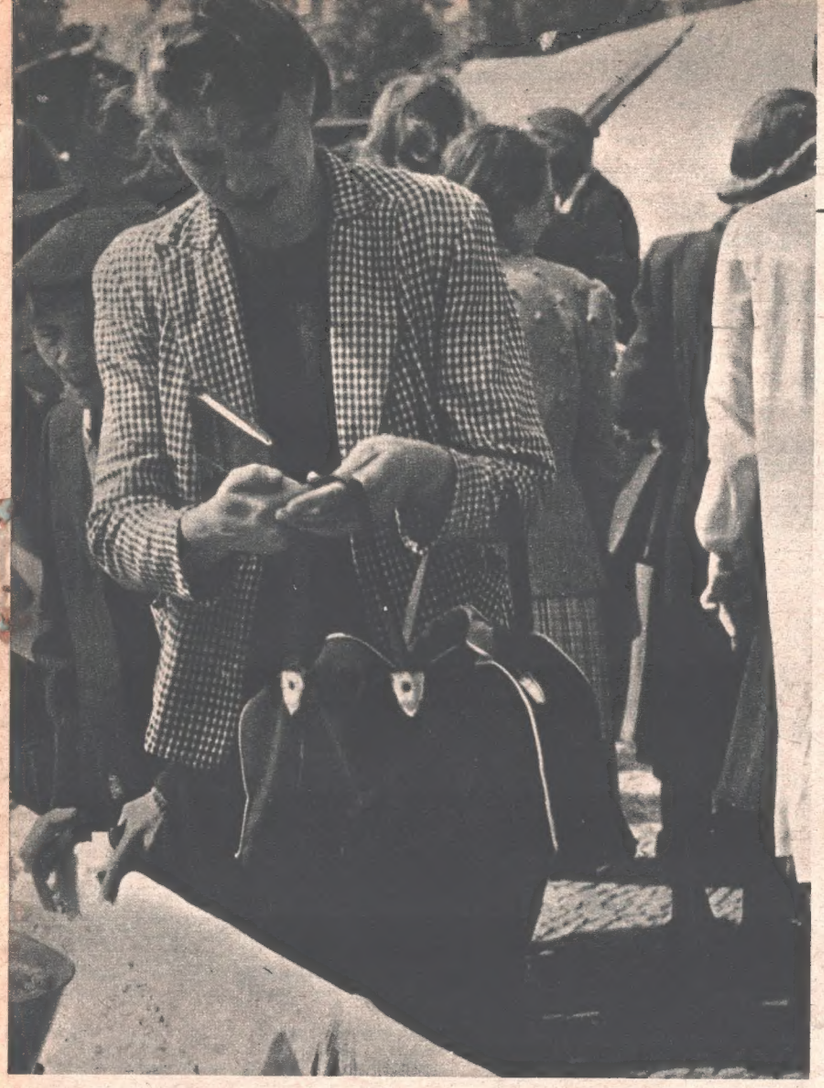
It all seems harmless enough; a cross between a quiet holiday camp and a picnic minus clothes on the sands. "The moral tone is ridiculously high," one nudist told me. "It compares very favourably indeed with that of the average tennis club."

Some nudists are vegetarians, but not all. They smoke, but no club permits alcohol on the premises, and members don't play cards or gamble. There are never any groups posturing to Pan pipes or wistful Melisandes gazing into dark pools as portrayed by the photographs.

Accent is on Youth

More single men than women apply to join; 'private clubs try to keep a balanced membership. The accent throughout is on youth, and there is one club for children only. Newcomers are always "vetted" before being admitted to full membership. The least welcome applicant is the prurient elderly male. Undesirables either leave because it is all too tame, or they are quietly expelled.

Generally the people in a club make up a normal section of the community. Most clubs have at least one clergyman. There



Queue for dried potatoes. German women cope with shopping hardships, but idea of a factory job doesn't appeal

PROBLEM WOMAN

years of Nazi suppression. As soon as the chance came for them to use their abilities again, they took it. Even those who spent years in concentration camps could still find the energy and spirit to serve their country again.

One woman, who had been five years in a camp, remarked: "It's an experience not to be missed, so long as you survive it!"

But these older, public-spirited women are in the minority. The bulk of German women today are indifferent, often cynical and generally apathetic. Partly because their country has lost a war they were always told they would win; mostly because there is no longer a State to tell them what to do.

Hitler's Edict

Under the Nazi regime, the German woman—having helped to put Hitler into power—was systematically robbed of all her civic rights, pushed out of all positions of authority, discouraged from thinking for herself and told to concentrate on her job of home-making and having children.

At first, perhaps, she rebelled a little when the "Three K's" campaign (*Kinder, Kücher und Kirche :* Children, Kitchen and Church) got under way. But it would be a spiritless and short-lived rebellion. German tradition always did favour the "woman's place is in the home" idea and, in 1933, feminine emancipation was very new.

So German women in the mass accepted the Nazi ideas fairly willingly and gradually forgot whatever ideas they had ever had about community life and neighbourliness. All their voluntary organizations were liquidated and the funds confiscated.

The German woman lapsed into a passive, non-thinking, ignorant state—and she's still in it today.

The war did nothing to broaden her outlook or cultivate her sense of responsibility. She wasn't asked to play any part in it. Her man went away to fight, yes, but she herself didn't have to do very much more than she had done. Women, as a whole, weren't conscripted into labour. They did not enter factories and new fields of employment, as our women did. Slave labour from occupied countries was sufficient to keep the factories going.

Those who had worked before—on the land (in Germany there always has been more female agricultural labour than here), in textile factories, in shops and offices—continued to work. But the married woman, whether she had children or not, the woman who had private means or was living at home—these were not asked to do anything.

And now German women find that their position is completely changed. They are being told that it is important that they should work—especially the two millions who have no chance of marriage. They are being told that it is important that they should think.

Since the war, the surplus German Hausfrau has been living on a pension, on her savings, with her family, or on the black market by bartering her possessions for daily necessities. Now, currency reform has changed the value of savings, practically killed the black market, reduced the amount of marks any one person can hold. The Hausfrau finds that she will have to get a job.

But she isn't very keen on the idea. The men certainly aren't. Employers aren't. One employer made it quite clear to me that he'd rather have rows of machines—which could easily have been operated by women—standing idle than take on female labour.

Religious organizations, taking orders from their bishops, discourage the idea of women working. One bishop said to me: "It is God's law that women should live and work in their own homes."

You always come up against that—the home and housework complex. Apart from the professions where women *are* accepted and the "traditional" women's jobs, such as office jobs, working in a shop, on the land, as hairdressers and dressmakers, the emphasis is always on domestic work.

Housecraft Only

Girls of fourteen to sixteen who are working have to attend a training school one day a week. What do they learn there? Housecraft, unless they are working in one of the jobs I have just mentioned. Then they are allowed to learn more about their trade. Otherwise—no.

And if a woman does manage to get herself into a factory, there is no training scheme to teach her the job. She must learn as she goes.

The British authorities are doing everything—short of conscription—to persuade women to go into industry and employers to take them. But at the moment they are faced with the added difficulty of temporary unemployment which may be brought about by currency reform.

Employers have been keeping on workers because they could buy nothing with their marks. It was a way of using their worthless capital. Now these workers may be dismissed, and you can't run a "women into industry" campaign when there is unemployment among the men.

But the main difficulty is changing the German attitude to women working in industry and to married women working at all. Some of the more enlightened Germans themselves realize this.

The editor of a German magazine told me he makes a point of regularly publishing articles about women and industry. Some are directed at the women themselves, some at employers, demanding consideration for the problems of wives and mothers so that they can work, and complaining that there are too few chances for women to learn a job. That editor thinks he has an uphill task.

When it comes to changing her way of thinking, the trouble for the German woman is that she has so little information to go on. She is appallingly ignorant. She doesn't even know that we are rationed for food and clothes.

Tell her that men and women *do* work together in the same jobs, that the British husband often *does* help with the washing-up, and she looks at you unbelievingly.

Shortage of newspapers doesn't make things any easier for her. There are no daily papers in the British Zone. They appear only three times a week. And then they are so limited in number that only one family out of five can get a copy. Wireless sets are short, especially in the bombed cities.

British Information Centres are now being set up all over the zone.

They are known as *Die Brücke*—bridges—because they are acting as a bridge between the Germans and the rest of the world.

Here, the Germans can get their questions answered, can use the reading rooms, can listen to talks from visiting British people, can even learn English in some towns. But transport difficulties are so great that the centres can be used by only a minute proportion of the population.

Personal contact is what is wanted, and here the Women's Affairs Section of the Control Commission is doing some first-class work.

It has encouraged the German women's organizations to get going again. And, as most of these organizations have a political or religious bias, it has started its own non-party, non-political women's clubs, run as far as possible on Women's Institute lines.

British Wives Help

British wives of Control Commission men are, unofficially, doing quite a lot of good work. They invite German women into their own homes; they help them to solve their own problems and the problems of their neighbours; they organize sewing circles to help the destitute bombed-out people and the refugees from Eastern Germany. In fact, they are trying to give the German woman a feeling of responsibility, trying to make her see that it's very easy to sit down and feel sorry for yourself, but more useful to do something.

How hard the going is you can see from this one small incident. I visited a woman in Hamburg whose daughter is married to an English soldier over here. Which means she has some contact with the outside world. And she is intelligent.

She told me that the German woman is too "housebound," that she should take more interest in affairs outside her own home.

"Do *you* belong to any of the women's organizations in Hamburg?" I asked her.

"I didn't know there were any," she replied. "I so seldom go out, you know, except to go shopping."

There is a woman who recognizes the facts, but still does nothing about them. Most of her countrywomen don't even recognize the facts.

What would help in the job of educating the German women is more offers of hospitality from this country. Through the authorities; quite a few German women have visited England during the past two years. They are valuable "ambassadors" when they return to their own country. But more must come if a new way of thought is to be widely spread among the German women.

We Can't Ignore Her

Books and magazines, too, are needed to overcome the shortage of reading matter in Germany. English is widely understood over there, and if any translating is necessary Women's Affairs Officers can always organize it.

Not one of us can afford to ignore the problem of the German woman. It is not something that is remote from us. If time were on her side, her backwardness might not matter quite so much. Her education would be a gradual process as it has been with us.

But time is short, made shorter by economic difficulties and her feeling of despairing hopelessness.

By sheer weight of numbers she is a power in the country—for good or evil. And until she has learned to think along the right lines, until her outlook is broadened and made more tolerant, there is always the risk that once again she may be led astray as she was in 1933.

Man

"I want to marry your daughter," said Robert.
"Business before pleasure," said Uncle Henry calmly

"THIS IS IT—the place where I was born," said my father. Back-to-back houses, a muddied cobbled street, factory chimneys belching smoke over the rooftops. "I don't believe it's changed in all these years!"

He and I had stepped off the cross-country bus in Beckmondyke, that clacking, clanging, grime-grey industrial town where pea soupers come roughly once a week in winter—or used to do, father says, when he was a child.

Here we were at last at the source of our family legends, with family monuments rearing on either side.

"On my left: the house where I was born," murmured father. "On your right, ahead of you, Cemetery Lane where sixty odd years ago couples did their courting. I don't know whether they've since found another place——"

"The cinema," I said.

"Oh, very likely . . . St. Mary's, where I used to sing in the choir . . . the station. I can remember my first train ride. Mother took us children—seven all told, and me. She had never ridden in a train before, either. When a tunnel came, it felt like the end of the world. Darkness, and terrible noise, and that endless rushing. Mother made us children get down on the floor and pray. . . .

"Which was," father added, "a mucky operation. They didn't merely refrain from cleaning the trains. They actually shovelled dirt into third-class carriages to encourage you, so to speak, to travel first.

"I REMEMBER them building the railway lines all round Beckmondyke. We started off, of course, with a single track. Then suddenly came the days of the great expansion. Those days," father said with a sigh, "were wonderful days! The first railways meant either Adventure or Big Money. I can remember the gangers invading the town, and building by flare at nights to get things finished, with a mayor and brass bands and beer to open the line.

"—Over there," father said. "That decayed gentleman's residence was once my Uncle Henry Whittaker's house. He built another, when I was eight, in the country. No one could understand it. No one knew why. Birds, bees, and flowers didn't mean much to Henry Whittaker. He knew, though. Trust Uncle Henry! *He* knew why. . . ."

Father's father was very poor. Uncle Henry Whittaker was rich (father says) as only a man can be who loves money with lifelong passion and devotion. Who loves five pounds; but who adores fivepence.

When father was fifteen, he wanted to be a flautist. Uncle Henry lent him the money to buy a flute. At three per cent. —to form father's character, he said. But Uncle Henry hadn't fooled father when he was five, let alone fifteen.

Well, Uncle Henry started to build outside Beckmondyke, an enormous house, standing haughty and alone. A handsome house, very dark inside, and gloomy, with the latest thing in greenhouses down one side, where a grape vine grew. Uncle Henry used to display it. He would take father's hand and walk

# of business

by LYN ARNOLD

ILLUSTRATED BY YATES WILSON

him up and down pointing out this bunch that was slightly larger than that bunch. Father never—never once—tasted a grape.

Uncle Henry Whittaker had a pretty young daughter who was virtually a prisoner in that house. Her mother had died the winter before of pneumonia. Or it could have been, as a lot of people said, of wanting to get away from Uncle Henry.

So whether she liked it or not, Emily kept house, and graced his table, and spoke when she was spoken to, and every night set his carpet slippers to warm, and on Sunday evenings played hymns on the parlour harmonium.

Uncle Henry always did his accounts in his head with Sunday hymns providing the background music. Which is, perhaps, why they were strong on the credit side.

Uncle Henry owned a cloth mill and a paper mill, owned houses and horses—he kept a carriage and pair; and would often read father a piece on how to acquire riches.

"You have to have vision. You have to see ahead. You have to be able to look into the future. . . ."

For this speech, Uncle Henry most often stood in his porch (brand new; floored in marble mosaic, pink, purple, magenta; with a lot of stained glass window on either side) surveying the buttercup fields that made up his view and that, had father known it, represented a fortune.

Father didn't know, and if he had, wouldn't have cared. He was eight, and he was in love with his Cousin Emily. If he wanted money, it was only for her.

Father's home was the only one where Emily visited. Uncle Henry would send her down now and again with a basket of food that would otherwise have been wasted. Father's father, said Uncle Henry, had "no business head"; and had saddled himself with eight hungry, lusty children—on the principle, doubtless, that the Lord would provide. But the Lord helps those who help themselves, he added.

Though Uncle Henry saw himself as the Deity, he didn't often feel called on to deputize.

STILL, once or twice a week, father saw Cousin Emily. They went walking together, he, washed and brushed and breathless; whenever he had the choice, in Cemetery Lane. He intended, when he grew up, of course, to marry her. And walking there, he saw himself as her swain.

One day, when they walked there, he told his Cousin Emily that two strange men had come to the "Rose and Crown"—business unknown. The town was humming with rumour. One was quite young, father said, and one was old——

"That's the young one!" he cried.

Slowly, across the graveyard, between beds of marble chips and wax flowers under glass, between harps with broken strings and forbidding stone angels, father and Emily saw the stranger advance.

He was hatless; yet wore pearl grey with a townsman's elegance, and as he walked, swung a silver-headed cane. His eyes, father says, were dark and distant and dreaming; his fine dark hair blew in a little wind. He was tall and slim; he was young and very handsome. Father, glancing up at Emily, saw her blush as they exchanged a long, slow look over the gravestones.

Emily turned and, blushing deeper, quickened her pace.

"I think you dropped this!" Father heard a voice behind them.

Not Cousin Emily's handkerchief, but his—rather grubby, with "William" embroidered in one corner.

The stranger met her eyes; and Emily smiled.

The stranger smiled; and fell into step beside them.

Father was not surprised when they met the next day—and the next and the next; of course, each time by accident.

Uncle Henry was a business man with vision (so he said). Robert was a visionary with business sense. And one of them had to win

One day it snowed and another day it rained; but neither of them appeared to be aware of it.

"I have to come and see your father," he said, on the fourth day. "On business. And if I may—for another reason."

Cousin Emily twisted her hands and looked away.

"Pappa will never. . . . Pappa will be ——oh, but furious! How can I explain you? How can I say we met?"

"Leave that to me. I'll find a way!" he promised.

That night, Cousin Emily took father home to stay; perhaps—he has never known—for reassurance.

Uncle Henry did not go to business next day.

At breakfast, he gave the top of his egg to father—this unwonted generosity surely a hopeful sign? After breakfast, he said: "Emily, I have an appointment. I want sherry and biscuits served at eleven o'clock. The second-best sherry," said Uncle Henry firmly. "William, my boy, as you're here, you'd better stay, and begin to learn how a business man conducts business. I don't imagine you'll learn any other way. Certainly not," he added, "from your father.

"You have to have vision. You have to foresee the future. Now remember—pay attention to what I say. What other poor boy ever had such an opportunity——?"

Suddenly they heard raised voices in the hall.

"It's that chap Thackeray. Go out and tell him from me that he's not my solicitor. I *have* no solicitor. The chap's a robber, a rogue, a swindler, a thief——"

So was Uncle Henry's doctor, periodically; whenever, in fact, he happened to send in a bill.

"Father; he thinks you ought——" said Emily returning.

"Get rid of him!" Uncle Henry said in a rage. "From this day forward, I conduct my own business. I gave the maid orders not to let him in. Why on earth——?"

"Yes, father," said Emily. "I'll explain to him."

"And tell him," said Uncle, "——tell him what I say!"

At eleven o'clock, father sat on the parlour window seat, with his black-stockinged legs dangling above the floor; and his eyes taking in that room's crimson magnificence. A plushy crimson carpet on the floor; crimson plush curtains, edged all the way round with bobbles that would (father thinks) have danced a bit in the breeze if the window had ever, since uncle moved in, been opened. Crimson satin-striped wallpaper; crimson plush portières; crimson ribbon tied in a bow round the aspidistra pots. Even the photograph frames were crimson, and plush.

Uncle Henry sat with his hands clasped on his stomach, and with one well-polished boot toe now and then circling the air.

Cousin Emily took her place on the harmonium stool—to hide her face from the company, not to play. Her little high bosom went up and down, up and down——wonderful!

He couldn't take his eyes off her, father says.

A bell rang.

Cousin Emily blushed and started.

Uncle Henry did not stir in the long deep pause.

A parlour maid ushered three men into the presence.

Uncle Henry rose to his feet and said How-do-you-do, and launched into talk of the world situation, the weather, the wicked government, and the idle poor.

"Mr. Whittaker," Brand senior at last interrupted. "My son and I and my solicitor are on business here, as you know——"

"And let's not," Brand junior added, "waste time in assuming you ignorant of facts that you obviously know."

"Facts? What facts? I don't understand!" said Uncle Henry.

"Let me," said Brand senior, "make myself clear. You know, of course, that we represent the railways. You know, I imagine, that we plan to expand. And you know, I am sure, that in any such expansion we shall have to take our lines over your land."

UNCLE HENRY sat and smirked.

"A glass of sherry?"

Emily handed the silver salver to the men, not looking at any of them meanwhile.

Father sat breathless, hanging on every word.

"My daughter and I," said Uncle Henry blandly, "are very happy here in our little house. Which has, as perhaps you know, been made to measure. We hope to be happy here for many a year. Eh, Emily? Still, let us by all means drink to the railways." Uncle Henry unctuously raised his glass. "To the Steam Age, Expansion, and Progress—I *beg* your pardon?"

Brand junior set down his glass with a gunshot sound, small but decisive. Father saw Emily shiver; saw Brand senior turn on his son a warning glance; saw the young man remain sublimely unaware of it.

"Mr. Whittaker, there is something that I must say before we proceed to business. I love your daughter. I ask your permission to call on her here if I may——"

"My son," Brand senior took up the tale hurriedly "——my son has already told me of his intentions. I think you will find him a promising young man. Good at his job, and ambitious. My son is here as the railway's engineer. I am here to buy land, he is here to build the railways. And as far as he is concerned, not only here. In the future——"

Brand senior broke off in some confusion. Uncle Henry's usually cheese-white face was puce. But Brand junior, gazing at Emily, and all unconscious, suddenly got to his feet and started to talk.

He talked of trains shooting across prairie—across swamp and desert, forest and mountain; of bridges, steel spanning the heavens; of speed that was beauty—space girdled, distance conquered; of the dawn of an era that (says father) had not yet been called the century of the common man.

AT last he caught Emily's eye; and observed Uncle Henry.

Uncle Henry recrossed his legs; Uncle Henry spoke.

"A bit of a poet, I see?" he murmured amiably.

There was not a more heinous sin in the Whittaker house.

"Mr. Whittaker—I want to marry your daughter."

Uncle Henry was calm now.

"Business before pleasure has always been my motto. You represent The Railways, and you say——?"

Father and son exchanged looks; raised eyebrows; shrugged helplessly.

"We want to buy," said Brand senior, unrolling a map. "It is clear to us all that the most direct route to Bradford would necessitate laying over your land. You're a man of business——"

"I am a man of vision."

The three men seemed unimpressed by his noble look; which in any case was doubtless intended for father.

"Very well," said the elder Brand, "then name your price——"

Uncle Henry hummed and hawed, in some small embarrassment, as if the remark had been not quite in good taste. The elder Brand and the young solicitor exchanged glances.

"I am empowered," Brand senior said at last, "to offer you ten thousand pounds——"

Uncle Henry laughed.

"Eleven thousand. . . . Eleven thousand five hundred."

"More sherry?"

"Twelve thousand——and that's as high as I'll go."

"My dear sir," Uncle Henry said, "I don't think you realize how very fond I

am of my little house. I chose the site with great care, some considerable time ago. It was built to order and no expense has been spared. The grapes in the greenhouse. The fireplaces—real marble. Upstairs—I do assure you, sir: a bath. From this window—look, my view! Consider the prospect! I am a man who puts down roots with his house. I am not, I hope, unduly sentimental, but the Englishman's castle is first and foremost his home——"

"How much?" said the solicitor.

Uncle Henry glared at him.

"Not a penny less than thirty thousand pounds."

Cousin Emily at this juncture spilt the sherry. She got up, she went away to fetch a cloth, she mopped it up—all the time, her eyes averted; all the time, her fair, fine skin burning with shame.

"Mr. Whittaker," said Brand senior, "are you serious?"

"Never more so."

"You won't reconsider?"

"I will not! I'm a man of vision. I got in ahead of you! For such perspicacity, there is a price——"

"You realize that you are holding us up to ransom?"

"Now, now," said Uncle Henry, "why bandy words? You want what I've got. Indeed, you have to have it. Any other route would waste money and waste time. I'm a business man. You're a business man, I take it——"

"Then—fifteen thousand, and not a penny more. Don't mistake me: fifteen thousand's my final offer——"

"And thirty thousand," said Uncle Henry, "is mine."

"Mr. Whittaker," said Brand senior, "perhaps our lawyers could meet and discuss things."

"From today I have no lawyer!" said Uncle Henry. "A bunch of rogues. I manage my own affairs."

"Then—if, in a week, say, you cannot come to see reason, I warn you, Whittaker, progress must take its course. The railways have got to come——"

"Through mid-air, I take it?"

THE younger Brand had meanwhile got to his feet.

"Mr. Whittaker: this is, of course, unfortunate. We had hoped on an agreement, you understand. But there is another matter. I love your daughter."

Uncle Henry held his sherry glass up to the light. "Business before pleasure!" he murmured playfully.

"Blackmail, in fact?"

Uncle Henry shrugged. "As you say. Sticks and stones—you know the rest. In a word, I am adamant. You meet my price, or——"

"Good morning," Brand senior said.

"Good morning," said the solicitor.

"Good morning," Brand junior added. "Remember, we warned you——"

"Good morning," said Uncle Henry. "Well, we shall see."

Father and Emily knelt side by side on the window seat, from behind red curtains, watching the Brands walk away.

"Now William, my boy—pay attention," said Uncle Henry. "Turn round, and sit up, and listen to what I say. You've seen the first act. So far, so good. So far—very good. But what happens next? That, my boy, is what counts! A lesser man would hang about, watching and waiting, looking anxious, looking eager—but no, not me! I shall go away. I shall travel on the Continent. At once! Emily, get upstairs and pack our bags.

I shall give instructions: no letters to be forwarded. That'll bring 'em running. That'll bring 'em to heel. Always let your opponents see your complete indifference——"

Next day, Uncle Henry and Emily left the country on what was always called in those days a Grand Tour.

Emily packed; on Uncle Henry's chest protectors (red flannel) shedding her silent, hopeless, bitter tears.

But first she took father home.

"This had to happen. I knew it would. I knew it from the first! He would never have agreed to my marrying anyone. Never, never. Never before. And, oh, William, now——"

Father kissed her.

"Perhaps——" he said.

"No, never," said Emily. "Cousin William, if you see Robert, tell him goodbye for me. Pappa won't let me have letters, and won't let me write. I shall never see him again," Emily said. "Not ever——"

Even the stone angels wept, in Cemetery Lane.

Spring went by, and summer, and autumn, and winter started. Cousin Emily sent father post cards from abroad—mostly from spas where Uncle Henry was taking the waters. Just before Christmas, they were expected home.

Father begged his mother to let him go and meet them.

At first she said no. Impossible. It would be dark.

"But I *have* to see Cousin Emily."

"Oh—very well!"

That evening, Cousin Emily alighted on the platform, stepping down listlessly from the London train, paler and slimmer but lovelier than ever in a bonnet, a tippet of gold fur, and muff to match.

She ran forward and held father close.

"Oh, William—William——"

"I have something to give you, Emily," father said.

"Not here! Not now!" The colour was in her cheeks again; her dark eyes glowed; her bosom went up and down.

She turned to Uncle Henry.

"Pappa——" she murmured.

Uncle Henry held up his hand.

"One moment, my dear!"

The stationmaster advanced, nervously bowing.

"Good evening, Mr. Whittaker. Welcome home. I—er—hope that you'll find everything here to your liking——"

"I hope so indeed. This train is three minutes late. Look to it! Or I shall complain to the authorities. Now Emily, what is it?"

"May we take William home? To stay the night? Just tonight," Emily said, "for company?"

"Now really—oh, if you want to. Very well. Tell Jackson to stop the carriage and ask his mother. Or no, don't bother. I'll tell him myself."

Jackson shuffled his feet, looking both sheepish and furtive. "Good evening, sir. I'm afraid it's a dirty night. I'm sorry! We've got a nasty journey ahead of us——"

"Then don't," Uncle Henry replied, "waste time in talking!"

The carriage bowled away into the night.

It was not only dark; it had started to be foggy. All round lay cold and mist and inky black. You couldn't see a thing from the carriage windows. But would Uncle Henry sense something wrong? Would he guess?

Now came the test. Father heard the carriage wheels slowing. He heard the horses snorting in the night. He heard Jackson crack his whip and mutter "Git up there!"

But the carriage had stopped.

"What's all this?" Uncle Henry said.

Father saw him lean forward and testily seize the speaking tube.

Father slipped his hand into Emily's and held it tight.

But: "Get on! Get *on* there!" was what Uncle Henry bellowed.

The carriage rumbled and bounced.

They were safe. They were home.

The servants were all lined up in the hall to meet them. They turned on Uncle Henry wide, solemn eyes. They watched him in mingled excitement and trepidation.

"What on earth——?" cried Uncle Henry. "Get off to bed!"

Cousin Emily came and tucked father up, not very much later. He hugged her close. He sniffed the scent of her hair.

"Oh, William, I've missed you!"

"Look—I've got something for you!"

She took the dog-eared envelope out of his hand, that he had guarded for weeks in splendid secret. She opened it, she read it, and she smiled. Father saw her come alive in the flickering candlelight.

"Oh, William," she breathed. "Dear William. Darling William——" She snuffed out the candle flame and kissed him good night.

He woke to the sound of Uncle Henry's shouting. "Emily! Where are you? What's that infernal din?"

Father jumped out of bed and ran on to the landing, where Uncle Henry had already appeared.

"Emily. Come here! Come *here*! Where on earth are you?"

As if awaiting such a summons, Emily arrived, her long plaits bobbing against her pale blue dressing-gown.

"Yes, father. What is worrying you? I'm here!"

Was there a touch of malice in her innocence? Did only filial affection curve her mouth to a smile of tender and dutiful anxiety?

"Listen!" stormed Uncle. "Are you deaf? Can't you *hear*?"

A long low wail had become a banshee whistle; a banshee whistle rose to a mighty roar.

Uncle Henry ripped back the curtains and flung up the window.

"Listen," cried Emily in rapture. "Robert's train!"

Out of the morning mists shot a mighty monster, rattling and roaring, whistling, gouting out smoke, circling the eastern boundary of the buttercup fields. And, before Uncle Henry had got his breath, another emerged in the opposite direction, screeching and shrieking, and circling it to the west.

UNCLE HENRY'S house was a beleaguered island, cut off by the railway lines on every side. One level crossing connected it to the mainland, over which the carriage had bumped and bounced last night.

Uncle Henry stormed. "You knew of this—Emily—William?"

My father, all childlike innocence, replied.

Yes, Uncle, he knew, of course. People were talking. Saying what? "Whittaker's Folly" they called his house. All Beckmondyke had turned out last week to celebrate—with a mayor and brass bands and beer to open the line. Mr. Thackeray? Yes, he was there, father told Uncle Henry. What did he say? He said it several times.

"*I'm* not his lawyer," he said. "It's not my business——"

Uncle Henry raged.

"Emily—get that child out of my sight!"

Emily and uncle and father were in the parlour that morning, when Robert Brand junior was announced.

"Business before pleasure?" he asked Uncle Henry.

Uncle Henry swallowed with difficulty. "As you say."

"This site," the young man said. "We could make use of it. Commanding position, and so on, and so forth. We are planning to turn it into the junction signal box. If you've no objection," he added, "that is, of course. I can promise you one half of our original offer. The delay, and the falling market, don't you know. One half of ten thousand—if I remember rightly?"

Nobody batted an eyelid. Nobody spoke.

Then Uncle Henry stood up and turned to my father.

"William, my boy," he said, "—— read, mark, and learn. A man of business who is a man of vision. A man," Uncle Henry proclaimed, "after my heart. A man I can welcome joyfully as my son-in-law. Remember this lesson!" Uncle Henry said.

Father remembered. Though whether Uncle Henry would have approved his conclusions, no one can say.

That it takes a poet to skin a man of business.

. . . Emily was already safe against Robert's heart.

What they say about CHILDREN

People who have had no children have only half lived.—*Stephen Leacock.*

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.—*Francis Bacon.*

Children begin by loving their parents; as they grow older they judge them; sometimes they forgive them.—*Oscar Wilde.*

I do not love him because he is good, but because he is my child.—*Rabindranath Tagore.*

One word of command from me is obeyed by millions, but I cannot get my three daughters to come down to breakfast on time.—*Lord Wavell (during the war).*

Paternity is a career that is imposed upon you one fine morning without any inquiry as to your fitness for it.—*Francis de Croisset.*

The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.—*Napoleon.*

The urge to produce loud noises with uranium must be nipped in the nursery.—*Billy Rose.*

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Think Again!

UNTIL we get it into our heads that all actions are born of thought we shan't understand what's wrong with the world nor how to put it right.

"It is because each individual member has gone wrong that society as a whole has gone wrong," writes a philosopher. "If we try to get a new and better world without trying to get new and better men to inhabit it, we shall find in the end that we have succeeded only in getting a new edition of the same old and defective world. . . ."

Our personal life can easily become cobweb-ridden simply because we are too timid to use the broom of reason. Personal complications often betray a lack of reasoned thinking; are often a result of thoughtless habit or selfish thoughtlessness.

There can be no permanent improvement in human affairs until each of us assumes personal responsibility for bringing it about.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

YES—NO—DON'T KNOW

This formula has its snags. The Public Opinion Poll can be a good servant of our democracy, but we must never let it become master ● *by Frank Mottram*

DR. GALLUP OF AMERICA invented his method of testing public opinion about twenty years ago. It was introduced into this country just before the war by a body, partly paid for by Dr. Gallup, called the British Institute of Public Opinion—of which the secretary is Henry Durant, who took a first-class degree in sociology at the London School of Economics.

A number of other bodies have since appeared, including a social survey financed by the Government and the Centre of Public Opinion set up by Lord Beaverbrook through the *Daily Express*.

The results of their findings are quoted more widely and given more weight as the years pass.

How does an opinion poll work? First, you get a "true sample" of the population. That is to say you find a number of people (usually about two thousand for this country) containing the same proportions of men and women, of young and old, of rich and poor, of townspeople and country people, from north and south, as does the population of the country as a whole.

This group is then taken as a small-scale model of the nation.

You ask a simple question: "Do you approve of Mr. Attlee as Prime Minister?" or "Do you believe in capital punishment?" Then you write down the answers and count them, including the considerable minority whose only answer is, "I don't know."

The mathematical experts say that the results thus obtained give a true picture—within a very small percentage—of the distribution of opinion throughout the country on the subject in question.

This method has yielded extraordinarily accurate results whenever it has been tested. For instance, the Gallup Poll forecast the outcome of the 1945 General Election to within one per cent of the proportion of Labour and Tory votes actually cast.

Can Be Misleading

The Gallup technique is an invaluable scientific method of discovering what people think on any simple current issue. But the method is no substitute for courageous government. Consider a few of the snags.

It is essential to be quite clear about the exact meaning of the questions asked. Vague and woolly inquiries give quite misleading and contradictory results. There have been examples of this in recent months.

Some time ago the British Institute of Public Opinion asked: "Do you approve or disapprove of the Government's attitude to Russia?" The results were rather surprising. Only about thirty per cent approved!

This was greeted as a great success by the pro-Russian critics of the Government who claimed this poll as showing that the country was not behind Bevin in his stand against Russian expansion.

But there was a fatal ambiguity in the question. You could disapprove of the Government's attitude to Russia either because you thought it was too tough *or* not tough enough.

When this point was made to the Institute of Public Opinion it cleared the matter up by asking: "Do you think the Government's policy towards Russia is too firm or not firm enough?"

The results were equally surprising—in the opposite sense. No less than sixty-two per cent thought the Government was "not firm enough"; only six per cent that it was "too firm."

This technique of inquiry can be hopelessly misleading unless it is used most carefully. It is best to confine it to simple questions of fact and intention.

It would be very dangerous if the Public Opinion Poll ever came to be regarded as a method of governing the country and as a substitute for determined leadership by responsible politicians.

This is wholly mistaken. No government could long survive an attempt to follow the confused, and often contradictory, day-to-day movement of opinion. It is the right and the duty of the people to elect or reject a government. It is the right and duty of the government to govern.

Example of Confusion

It is therefore a complete illusion to suppose that any poll of opinions should decide what the Government should do.

The truth is that public opinion is—naturally enough—often most deeply confused on the important questions of policy. There was an example during the balance-of-payments crisis in the second half of last year.

The American Loan had almost gone. Our reserves would only have lasted for another six or eight months if nothing had been done, and there was no prospect then of any further American aid.

The Government had to grapple with the problem quickly. There were *only* two things it could do—reduce imports and increase exports.

The first inevitably meant buying less food. The second could only be done if we released men and materials—coal and steel and cement—for the export industries. This, in its turn, required a cut in our use of these things for capital construction in general and the housing programme in particular.

There was no escape from these necessities if we were to stand any chance of feeding ourselves during the present year. What did the public think on these urgent problems?

The British Institute carried out a number of inquiries last September. The answers showed two things quite clearly.

First, people as a whole did not blame the Government for what had happened and were very eager that the crisis should be resolved.

They were asked: "Do you think that our present economic crisis was bound to come or could the Government have avoided it?" Sixty per cent said that the crisis was bound to come and the Government could not have avoided it. Only thirty-one per cent thought that the Government was to blame.

There was therefore a two-to-one majority for the Government on this particular matter.

But, in the *second* place, people were equally strongly opposed to the steps that the Government had to take if anything was to be done to close the gap.

Two perfectly fair questions were asked: (1) "Since the crisis the Government has announced a cut in the housing plans. Do you think the cut is necessary or unnecessary?" and (2) "In view of the crisis, do you think that food cuts should, or should not, be made by the Government?"

To the first of these questions fifty-five per cent said that they thought the cut in the housing programme was unnecessary; thirty-two per cent supported the cut. On food, sixty-six per cent were opposed to the reductions and only twenty-seven per cent were in favour.

Public opinion therefore wanted the gap in our balance of payments to be closed. But it was deeply antagonistic to all the methods by which this desirable result could be achieved!

Where the Danger Lies

These results go to the heart of the matter. They show that the Government cannot allow casual opinion to determine policy.

It is highly dangerous to raise these polls to the status of an instrument of government. They are good servants but they are bad, very bad, masters.

They are good servants because they are accurate. When the questions are simple, clear and definite they give a reliable measure of what the public thinks, which a democratic government should always know.

But the public, though shrewd in its judgment of persons and parties, does not have to carry the responsibility of *deciding* upon difficult and technical matters. That responsibility lies on the shoulders of the Government.

There it must remain or we shall decline into confusion, indecision and cowardice. Let Ministers know what the people think. But it is they who have to act in the people's name. That is what representative government means.

Crowd outside Pentonville sees notice of Heath's execution. Public Opinion Polls recently showed majority wished to keep death penalty. They usefully reflect opinion—but cannot make decisions

What's American Radio Got That We

John Bull colour photograph by William Kemp

Jack Benny in London. Sponsors pay £6,000 for his weekly radio show

NEW YORK

THE SHOWMANSHIP is terrific. Instead of a musical introduction, a morse key stutters hysterically. Then a hoarse voice crackles like a machine gun: "Good-evening-Mr.-and-Mrs.-North-and-South-America-and-ships-at-sea-let's-go-to-press. . . ."

It is Walter Winchell. He will give news of up-to-the-minute divorces and attachments. He will forecast imminent atomic war with Russia. He will answer, point by point, the latest radio critics, punctuating his remarks with high-pitched, derisive laughs. He will mock Taft, turn a neat phrase in favour of F.D.R. ("The children of the men who deride him will throw flowers on his grave"), keep a few gibes for Britain's poverty.

Every week on pay-day he will take home the £2,500 which makes him the highest-paid single entertainer in American radio.

His Sunday broadcast is preceded by the Jack Benny show, for which Benny gets £6,000 a week to divide among his stars, musicians and script writers. In California, an undistinguished young man is making £100,000 a year for laying gramophone records on a turntable. Radio stations are offering quiz-winners diamond rings, trips round the world, cabin cruisers and grand pianos, and white baby pigmy elephants for winners of children's show contests.

In a country sniffing at the cold breeze of depression, radio prosperity still soars. For twenty-four hours a day, four nationwide networks, the National Broadcasting Co., the Mutual Broadcasting Co., the American Broadcasting Co. and the Columbia Broadcasting System, compete with each other and with independent stations. Usually the networks win. But nobody loses. Almost every station makes profits and the more popular broadcasters make fortunes.

If B.B.C. Were American

This situation makes a splendid graph for the financial columns, but it does not necessarily make good radio.

If the existing American system were transferred to Britain, there would be three times as many quizzes and request programmes and about ten times as many Dick Bartons.

There are thirteen different stations to choose from in New York, but the large selection is misleading. Only three try to specialize: WQXR, which is owned by the *New York Times*, records classical music from early morning until midnight; WHN concentrates largely on sport; and WMCA on serious documentary programmes. The rest play popular music for most of the day, with little to choose between them except in the morning, when everyone listens to Martin Block.

Any analysis of American radio ultimately funnels down to Martin Block, a fantastic rags-to-riches character who thirteen years ago was down and out, and now is a millionaire.

Block is the pioneer of the disc jockeys, the name which Americans give to broadcasters who play gramophone records and chat about them in between.

Thanks to Block's influence, more than three-quarters of all American radio is disc jockey broadcasting. Block was in his mid-twenties, broke and suffering from a cold in the head, when he arrived in New York a few years before the war. A small independent station called WNEW, then being run as a lark by Milton Blow, an advertising agent, and Arde Bulova, a watchmaker, took a chance and turned him loose on early-morning listeners. His wage was £6 a week.

He was an immediate hit. He still broadcasts only for WNEW, but they now pay him £100,000 a year. Block is important because he has shown a startled nation just how much gold there is to be got out of radio by people with no talent whatever. There is justification for big money given to those who can act, sing, joke, play or analyse, but Block can do none of these things. He has only a cheerfulness and a brassy friendliness.

Patter of the Disc Jockey

Every morning he broadcasts *Make-Believe Ballroom*, an assembly of new gramophone records. His patter is frequently as bad as the records. This is a typical example: "That was 'I Wish I Knew' the Name of the Girl in My Dreams.' Say, what does he want to know her name for? Does he want to give her a cheque? Oh, he wants to know her personally, eh? That's different. Next, folks, an English record: Mantovani and his Orchestra playing 'The Green Cockatoo.' Believe me, this is great music. . . ."

WNEW was quick to cash in on Block's popularity, and it has become the largest independent station in the country. Last year it grossed £600,000. Its sense of responsibility grew with its success and it became a good friend of Britain. It runs more B.B.C. shows than any other American station and has found it profitable.

WNEW's transcriptions of B.B.C. plays and features draw an average of thirty letters of praise and no complaints each week. The station's executives are at present contemplating broadcasts of *Itma*, *Much Binding* and other programmes aimed at nostalgic G.I.s who served in Europe.

But WNEW cannot compete with the networks at all-star personality shows. These reach their peak on Sunday night, when the networks broadcast, one after the other. The Jack Benny Show, the Phil Harris and Alice Faye Show, the Charlie McCarthy Show, the Fred Allen Show, Walter Winchell and *Theatre Guild on the Air*.

No Better Than *Itma*

None of these is better than *Itma*, but the B.B.C. could never afford to produce such an array of talent and material for so long.

The formula for all the funny shows is similar. Teams of script writers build up the personality of the stars, ruthlessly exploring quirks in their natures which most people prefer to keep to themselves, as, for instance, Jack Benny's supposed meanness or Phil Harris's alleged vanity and love of drink.

The Phil Harris show is usually a funny sketch in which he and his wife, Alice Faye, are tangled in imaginary troubles with the sponsor, Fitch's shampoo, or with Alice's relatives. The Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy show is less sophisticated than the others. The Benny show is known to British listeners through its wartime transmission, and

Haven't ?

PROFIT	LOSS
It has more money	Tied to advertisers' strings
Plenty of competition	It dare not experiment
There are more local stations	National standard is kept low
It's livelier, more lavish	Programmes are "unbalanced," vulgar

by GEOFFREY BOCCA

notable for the running feud which Benny maintains with Fred Allen.

The Fred Allen show is *Itma*-esque at times, with stock comic characters emerging each week from "Allen's Alley." The first is always a blustering Southern Democrat called Senator Claghorn. His opening line is always "Wh-who, ah say, who's slappin' mah panel?" or "Who's puttin' the skin to my pine?" when Allen knocks on his door. He sees Allen and says, "What d'you want, son? Ah'm busier'n a pea in a policeman's whistle when the lights are changin'." He usually has some sharp political comments.

Allen's tortuous wit is keener than Benny's. "When I came in I found the psychiatrist talking to the couch. The psychiatrist thought the couch was an old patient of his who used to think he was a couch."

The Benny show is sponsored by Lucky Strike cigarettes, who have a woolly sort of slogan, "L.S.M.F.T." (Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco). Their commercial — the advertising "plug" which is the initial reason for the broadcast—is sung by a team of singers called the Sportsmen.

Songs, Yells, Music

Benny waits patiently for the commercial to end and then says politely: "Thank you, boys." Immediately, the boys break into another verse. Benny lifts his voice: "O.K., boys, O.K. You've had your time." The Sportsmen only sing louder: "L.S.M.F.T. That's the smoke for you and me." The band plays harder. Benny shouts: "Please, boys. Let's get on with the show!" The turn closes in a deafening clamour of songs, yells and music.

This is good radio, but it is not typical. Sponsors want to make money and they don't willingly veer from established formulas such as the "soap-operas," tear-drenched fifteen-minute serials of domestic troubles, aimed at morning housewives. In the evening there is a series of thrillers, starring characters like Dick Tracy, Ellery Queen, Philo Vance and Superman.

Also popular with sponsors are hair-raising political commentators, of whom Winchell is the star. Others, like Edward R. Murrow, who pleads reason and common sense to Communist-haunted Americans, are excellent.

These are safe bets for sponsors to back. On the other hand, two of America's best shows cannot get sponsors at all and have to be squeezed into the programmes at odd times. One is a hard-punching documentary called *Meet the Press*. The other is a witty, spontaneous quiz programme called *Leave it to the Girls*. Both would probably go down well in modified forms on the B.B.C.

In *Meet the Press*, people in the news are grilled by newspaper reporters for half an hour. Recent victims included Glen Taylor, Wallace's running mate, Governor Dewey and Randolph Churchill.

Taylor, who is something of a political clown and was once a crooner, had a good night, putting his far-Left views with a quietness which showed up well against the undisguised hostility of the questioners. Dewey lost his temper and, using America's current favourite expression, told a persistent *Daily* (New York) *Worker* reporter to "drop dead."

Randolph Churchill also made a good impression, playing the attacks of a *Chicago Tribune* reporter with a straight bat on such subjects as British Socialism, the Loan and Palestine. He avoided criticizing the Socialist Government so carefully that an Anglophobe commentator was forced to admit sulkily that "All Englishmen, even feudal overlords, are Englishmen before they are feudal overlords."

Women on the Attack

Leave it to the Girls is probably the last word in unrehearsed programmes. Once the quick wit of the broadcasters fails it is doomed. Three women, a man and a questionmaster sit round a table. The women are residents, the man is a guest who varies each week. The questionmaster puts problems set by males. ("I am popular with girls, but I am beginning to go bald. Will I be able to hold my own when I lose my hair?" "My wife refuses to wash dishes. What should I do?")

The girls attack the man with the problem bitterly, justifying the most flagrantly unfair feminine attitude. The male guest is armed with a hooter, and blows it every time he wants to defend his sex against some particularly malicious accusation. The fun is fast and unhesitating.

Yet both *Meet the Press* and *Leave it to the Girls* have to offer prizes to try and win listeners.

One station has just hit a new low in commercial broadcasting, breaking programmes with "patriotic" jingles like: "Hm, hm, hm, I'm for democracee—Hm, hm, hm, I'm for libertee," or "liberal" ones like: "You can get good milk from a brown-skinned cow. The colour of the skin doesn't matter nohow."

But, for all its vulgarity, American radio does come close to the people. Most of America's 1,200 stations are in small towns. Three hundred are independent; nine hundred are supplied with material and commercials by the networks.

The independents broadcast local commercials only, reporting what the butcher up the road has in his shop today, or giving details of the home-town department store's spring sale. The networks provide their own local stations with about six hours' material daily.

All networks keep a close tab on what audiences listen to by a system called the Hooper Rating. Radio investigators make one hundred phone calls in each of thirty-six cities at the same time, to discover what proportion of the populace is tuned to a certain show. At the moment of writing, *Radio Theatre* has the largest Hooper Rating, with Benny second, but it varies from week to week.

Premium on New Ideas

The trouble with the Hooper Rating is that it usually confirms sponsors in the belief that the established shows are the most popular, and that experiments have to overcome an enormous listener opposition to any form of change.

If the Hooper Rating were scrapped, shows might possibly improve. "Enterprising" might then be applied to a director who tried something new, instead of the same old thing a little bit quicker. There might be more ideas like *Meet the Press* and fewer soap-operas. But the Hooper Rating is an integral part of the sponsor system, which wants to know what immediate results it is getting for its money.

Somewhere, perhaps, there is a happy medium between the lavish but largely uninspired programmes of America and the well-intentioned but finance-handicapped programmes of the B.B.C. The B.B.C. could obviously make good use of the vast sums of money which sponsors would be happy to pour into it —but nobody has yet hit on a method of accepting the money without having to take with it the stultifying subservience to "ratings" and other commercial slide-rules.

Phil Harris and wife Alice Faye. Their show relies for laughs on "trouble" with relatives and sponsors

FREE SPEECH

Readers say that . . . Englishwomen lack ideas, are content to copy men; phoning relatives abroad is too costly; British sportsmanship is dying

THERE'S NOT THE slightest doubt in my mind that Englishmen, especially public school and university types, definitely look down on the opposite sex, and have every intention of keeping women in their proper place—that is, in subjection to themselves.

The tame attitude of the few women in Parliament, the inadequate contribution which women as a whole make in the political sphere, the vast numbers of wretched unideaed girls who feel they've reached a high plane when they're allowed to *copy* the male by donning military uniform and forming threes; all these are proof of the Englishwoman's deep-seated inferiority.—MISS RHODA CLARKE, Hurn Road, Christchurch, Hants.

Distant Voice Means Much

WHY CAN'T WE have cheaper telephone calls to our loved ones abroad? My daughter, happily married, has been in Canada nearly three years, but talking to her costs me a pound a minute—a lot too much. We should at least be allowed cheaper rates for two or three special calls a year.

Rich people can afford to visit relatives abroad and to phone them when they like. We poorer folk love our children just as much, but once they go abroad we're in danger of losing touch with them for ever, except for letters.—MRS. J. CHIPPERFIELD, 60 Oulton Crescent, Potters Bar, Middx.

Can We Take a Beating?

A WIMBLEDON TENNIS STAR has accused the British of bad sportsmanship because spectators were hostile towards American players. His outburst has been pooh-poohed. Yet can we British take a beating in the same spirit as prewar?

One has only to visit a football match during the season to realize that the boys of today are not the sportsmen their fathers were. Quite often, youthful spectators greet the opposing team with jeers and catcalls.

By all means, let's go all out for victory, but let's not lose our most precious asset—good sportsmanship.—W. H. H., Rotherham. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Can't We Behave?

THE DISGUSTING untidiness and bad behaviour of present-day sports-goers appal me. At race meetings, announcers keep having to warn people away from prohibited areas—and as for the litter left behind at the end of a meeting. . . .

At Test Matches, too, people constantly hold up play by moving over the boundary line or in front of the bowling screen. This is pure selfishness and must stop.—MRS. E. H. STIBBARDS, 76 High Street, Wem, Salop.

Half-hearted Doctors

MANY PEOPLE COMPLAIN that doctors are reluctant to take them on their lists. A patient's attitude of mind plays a big part in the curing of disease, and if a person feels he is being treated *on sufferance* by a doctor towards whose income he and his firm are paying quite enough his state of mind cannot possibly enable his illness to be cured. If the Health Scheme is really to succeed, the half-hearted attitude towards registered patients must cease.—LILIAN G. HEMPEL, 3 Lyall Street, Eaton Place, London, S.W.1.

Crime in the Trains

SOME WEEKS AGO my brother was savagely beaten up by two thugs on a railway journey through Cardiff. It will be a long time before he recovers.

In a country which boasts a nationalised railway system and "the most perfect scheme of social insurance," there is no provision for compensating the innocent victims of such crimes. I think it is a serious omission.—REV. RONALD LEWIS, The Vicarage, Ryhill, nr. Wakefield, Yorks.

A Good Farmer Should Know . . .

HAY HARVESTING by radio, eh! "Disgusted Farmer" grumbles in JOHN BULL (July 24) that inaccurate B. B. C. weather forecasts have put his harvesting schedule out, but surely a good farmer knows almost instinctively what weather conditions are going to be like.

E. R. Stubbs

How did our stalwart forefathers do their farming? They had no radio to help them then. We should all be more self-reliant and less reliant on the B.B.C. —E. R. STUBBS, The Brow, Kingsley, nr. Frodsham, Cheshire.

. . . Forecasters Obviously Don't

AS ONE WHO keeps a weather diary I quite agree with "Disgusted Farmer." Often, forecasters obviously have no idea of what the next day's weather is going to be. Some of the forecasts might be more aptly used in the B.B.C.'s variety programmes. — GEORGE E. STOKES, Stockerston Road, Uppingham, Rutland.

Eight Years to be a Teacher

I AM ONE OF THE ten thousand student teachers who have recently been told to "wait another year" before we can start our careers, in order to make room for women teachers.

In February, 1946, while still in the R.A.F. I was promised a college course within three to six months of my demob.

Phoning her daughter in Canada costs Mrs. J. Chipperfield £1 a minute—"a lot too much"

Unfortunately my demob was held up until July, 1947, and by then the waiting time had stretched to two years. However, I prepared to wait and took badly paid work with the local education committee. Now I'm told I won't get to college before 1950!!

As I started my academic career before I joined the Forces (in which I served for five years) it will have taken me eight years before I can get started. Meanwhile, there aren't enough teachers to cope with this year's crop of fourteen-to-fifteen year olds.—N. A. P., Sussex. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Maintenance Allowance

THE SUMS OF MONEY allowed by the courts for the maintenance of a wife and her children when she is separated from her husband bear no relation to present day living costs. They are based on living costs of years ago. It is high time they were adjusted. — MRS. MARGARET SMITH, "Homestead," Eastham Street, Clitheroe, Lancs.

Visits to War Graves

MY ONLY SON WAS killed during the war and buried in France. Recently I contacted an organization which is arranging visits for parents to war graves and was informed that the cost would be £12 and £14 each for a visit lasting from two to four days.

Now I cannot afford this money and I do not see why I should have to afford it. I understand that "financial assistance" will be given to parents who cannot afford the trip—but only after a sort of means test. Surely a grateful country can do better than this.—BEREAVED PARENT, Maidenhead. (Full name and address enclosed.)

While There's U.N.O., There's Hope

JOHN BULL has done the cause of peace and international justice a great service by publishing Tom Cornwall's article, "While There's U.N.O., There's Hope" (July 17).

It's time the British public realized that an organization like U.N.O., whatever its faults and weaknesses, is the only foundation on which humanity can build any hope for the future.—MAJOR L. T. JACKSON, Harrington Road, Chorley Lancs.

No Sting in the Germans

GERMANY IS STILL IN RUINS. The desolation which war brought to their cities must have taught the Germans their lesson. Bitter they may be but, except for a few hotheads common to all nations, they can no longer be dangerous—as C. E. Bechhofer Roberts in his article (JOHN BULL, July 24) would have us believe.

It will take years for Germany to regain her feet, and, since she knows we have the atomic bomb, I don't see her becoming the pawn of Russia.—E. S. DANES, 112 Kenwood Road, Birmingham, 9

Barbed-wire Complex

I'M WITH JOHN BULL in its pleas for the countryside to be opened to the people. Living in a country district I know that many farmers and district councils still suffer from a barbed-wire complex.

Long stretches of barbed wire often enclose quite empty fields. The stuff's a menace to country-lovers who try to negotiate it.—JAMES DUNLOP, 4 Greenside, Carmunnock, Glasgow.

Let's Make Gales Work

AMERICA HAS at least one wind-driven generator producing 1,500 kilowatts of power—the equivalent of an annual saving of three thousand tons of coal.

Why should the gales which roar over Britain throughout the winter do nothing but cause damage? Why not make the gales *work*—by producing even bigger and better turbines than America's? —JOE KELLS, 32 Haslemere Road, Bexley Heath, Kent.

Eyes Down!

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER is supposed to be rare, and five-leaf clover practically unheard of. Well, I've only tried looking for them this year, and so far I've found thousands of the four-leaf variety and also one with five leaves [*see photograph*].—BERT FRY, 313 Walsall Road, Stone Cross, West Bromwich.

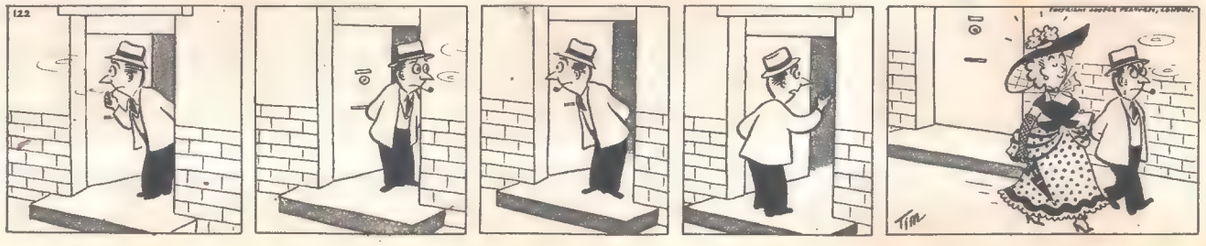
All These Foreigners

AT A TIME when emigration is going ahead on quite a large scale because we realize we're over populated, is it not curious that thousands of foreigners are being encouraged to enter Britain?

It would be interesting to know what proportion of the invaders are in regular jobs and self-supporting, and how many are being maintained at the expense of the British taxpayer.—C. H. TANDY, 439 Penn Road, Wolverhampton.

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of readers' letters can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of the sender, preferably for publication.

OH, JOHNNY! by TIM



HE BANS AMATEUR 'TECS

by HUBERT COLE

Here's a man who really does what many of us hanker after: he writes murder stories. He sorts his mysteries out as he goes along—but he does insist on a professional detective

Clifford Witting checks an alibi. Reference books include *The Police Code*

THEY USED TO SAY that every man has one book in him: his autobiography. These days, most of us have half a dozen: the autobiography and the four or five detective stories whose plots come to us with such ease and brilliance in the bath and on the bus.

It is probable that half the population at some time or another contemplates writing detective fiction. Conan Doyle, Poe and Gaboriau opened it up for the men, but since them Agatha Christie, Dorothy Sayers and Margery Allingham have blazed a trail for the women.

Clifford Witting is noteworthy as at least one ordinary man who thought he would have a go—and very successfully did. In his spare time, he turned himself from a bank clerk into a detective story writer. Now writing is his full-time job and, though he is not yet in the Cheyney and Christie class, he makes a nice living at it, with eight books already published and a ninth coming out later in the year.

Witting was born at Catford not quite forty-one years ago, and went to Eltham College. It was a year or two after he had left school and gone to work for Lloyds Bank that he began to fiddle with writing, sending humorous bits to periodicals and getting them consistently sent back again.

When he was twenty-two, he had a contribution accepted by *The Dark Horse*, the bank's house magazine. It was illustrated and a friend to whom he proudly showed it said: "I like the pictures." The editor encouraged Witting, and Witting plugged away. He liked writing funny articles and light verse; he also liked to see his name in print.

Among his other interests was carpentry. Having carpentered himself a complete bedroom suite in inlaid limed oak, he got married in 1934. By 1936 he had come to the conclusion that funny stuff would never bring in any great sums to swell the family budget. He decided that detective stories had a steady and reasonably lucrative market, and set himself to write one.

Murder in Blue was the result. He wrote it in the evenings, after getting home from work at the bank, with his infant daughter screaming in the next room. It took six months to write and, unlike most first attempts, was accepted and published in 1937.

An Author's Rake-off

Witting got the standard contract: ten per cent on sales up to 2,500, fifteen per cent up to 5,000, twenty per cent up to 10,000, twenty-five per cent over 10,000, with £25 advance royalties and half a dozen presentation copies. Between four and five thousand copies were sold at 7s. 6d., so that Witting made a little over £200 on that edition, with further payments to come from a 2s. edition and other reprints.

The book was also published in New York, but managed to sell only 1,200 copies.

Today, Witting gets the same sort of contract, but the starting percentage is a little higher and the sales have more than doubled. *Let X Be The Murderer* sold ten thousand copies before paper restrictions put an end to it.

Witting continued to do his bank job by day and write in the evenings. Working conditions became difficult during the Battle of Britain, when evening Home Guard duties followed on the bank work, and he had to do most of the writing on *Measure for Murder* between five and seven in the morning.

After 1942, when he went in the Army, things became still more complicated. In a light ack-ack battery in the Orkneys—"all wind and rain and Nissen huts and rats"—he wrote *Subject : Murder.*

In Bombay, after being transferred to the Army Kinematograph Service to do scripts and commentaries, he began *Let X Be The Murderer* and finished it three months later in Carshalton, at the expense of his demobilization leave. That was the quickest book he has ever written. A detective story writer has to make regular appearances before his public if he is to keep up interest.

Now that he was a civilian again, he felt pretty sure that he could make a permanent job of writing. He decided not to go back to the bank, got a contract for five books from his publishers, and settled down to work at home. His aim is to complete one detective novel every nine months.

He works in a room at the top of the house with a portable typewriter by his side, cigarette packets, string, paste, a stapling machine and a plan of a house in "Ebbisham High Street" on the desk, reference books from Fowler to an English-Hindustani dictionary at his elbow.

Except when casual visitors join him for a cup of tea or lure him out to one of several locals, he works from 9 a.m. (after he has taken four-year-old Jeremy to school) until lunch at 1.30 p.m. He helps his wife with the washing up and then gets back to the typewriter until 6.30 p.m. The routine is the same every day except Tuesday, when he goes to a Rotarian lunch ("at which, believe it or not, I represent Fine Arts and Belles Lettres"), and Sundays, when he knocks off at midday.

His plots are all set in the same area of southern England which he calls Downshire. His detective hero is always the same man: Divisional Detective Inspector Harry Charlton. Witting disapproves of authors who use amateur detectives; he considers it to be cheating. An amateur can break into houses, get tough with suspects, ask improper questions without giving warnings and so on. D.D.I. Charlton, on the other hand, conforms to police regulations (*The Police Code* and Moriarty's *Police Procedure and Administration* are prominent on the bookshelf).

It Must Be Murder

Witting's first step in writing a story is to find a "situation," which is unaccountable, striking and involving homicide. "People aren't interested in missing pearls; you've got to have a murder. A mystery without a corpse is like soup without salt. And you must either have the murder take place at the beginning of the story or else let the reader know that one will be taking place later on."

Finding the situation is almost the most difficult part of the job. Inspiration may come from anywhere. One evening, passing the Monument, Witting noticed a dead goose lying at the foot. It occurred to him that, if a man were found there, there would be interest in whether he fell or was pushed (and most readers would take quite a time to tumble to the alternative that he might just have been placed there).

With that as his starting point, he shifted the Monument to the South Downs, removed the guard rail which would prevent anybody from falling from it in London, and eventually evolved *Midsummer Madness*.

For the book which he has just finished, *Dead on Time*, he chose a country pub where, when the landlord calls "Time," a customer lifts his pint, drinks, and falls dead on the floor.

At this point in a story, having only just thought of the situation himself, Witting is as baffled by the whole affair as his readers will be later. He sits down and starts to work things out on his typewriter.

First he must have his policeman to question people; then he must have people for the policeman to question. The people come in and begin to tell their stories, which Witting makes up for them as he goes along. He still doesn't know what caused the strange events in the saloon bar. Chapter after chapter gets invented, quite haphazardly.

By the time he reaches the end of the first draft, he has a mass of material which now bears the general outlines of the final story but also contains many contradictions and loose ends. He then starts a second draft, polishing the style, rubbing down the rough angles, tying in the ends.

His wife checks this for discrepancies and minor bloomers such as calling a character Peggy in one chapter and Phyllis in the next.

All that now remains is to make three copies: two for his agent and one for himself.

The way Witting explains it, it does not seem difficult. The only essential materials are three reams of quarto typing paper, thirty-five sheets of carbon paper, a blue-black ribbon, forty cigarettes a day and as many cups of tea as can be squeezed out of the ration.

To that, however, one should probably add the imponderable something which enables Witting to write the sort of detective stories which get published, while the rest of us never quite get round even to completing one.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

JUST SHOWS what happens when you defy notices! The two boys hoped to bag trout, but had to be content with netting mere minnows and seeing the trout get away. Michael Critchlow, who painted the cover, says the boys weren't the first to be disappointed. Years ago, he and his friends used to visit the stream—it's near Chorley Wood, Herts—swimming as well as fishing in it, and the only time he remembers a trout being caught was when a dog presented him with the chewed remains of one. Critchlow says that he put the dog in the picture chiefly for memory's sake

WITH MY FEET UP

Athletic Eats

EVER SINCE the Olympic teams began arriving here I had hoped I might get invited into one of their camps to help them out with eating some of their eight million eggs, twelve million steaks and enough slices of ham to lino the floor of the Wembley Stadium.

However, at least I was spared an awkward situation. After I had eaten a month's rations at one meal the least I could do would be to ask my Olympic host to a meal in return. I can just imagine it happening.

* * *

We go to a pleasant little restaurant and the waiter comes to the table and asks if we would like a drink to begin.

My foreign friend says he would like an English drink, so the waiter offers us Spanish sherry, and French or Italian vermouth. My friend says he would like real English beer and the waiter says they only have Carlsberg lager.

The menu offers soup or hors d'œuvres, then fried cod, hamburger or sausages. I apologize profusely and say I wish we had gone somewhere else, though it is the same everywhere.

Then the waiter comes up. He bows and smiles. "You would like soup, sir? And then perhaps chicken? Or half a pigeon? Or perhaps some cold salmon?" We order soup and chicken.

My friend thinks he would like a fish course as well as the chicken. "I'm sorry," I interpose, "but we are not allowed four courses." The waiter apparently doesn't hear. "Certainly, sir," he says. "A little sole? Or a nice fillet of plaice?"

* * *

When we get to the sweet course, the menu says there is semolina pudding or stewed figs. Once again, as I apologize to my friend, the waiter asks whether we would rather have rum pancake or peach melba. After we have finished this, I begin to get up, explaining to my friend that unfortunately we are not allowed to have cheese or savoury.

"Camembert or Roquefort, sir?" asks the waiter, bringing biscuits and a plate of butter and pushing me back into my seat.

"I understand you English must not pay more than five shillings for a meal," says my friend. "It is very good, very cheap for five shillings. In my country there is less food but more dear."

"Yes, only five shillings," I say, looking at the bill and taking several pound notes from my wallet.

by Ian Fox

Feuds on the field

by LEARIE CONSTANTINE

Sometimes cricket feuds carry on off the field, too — and that's not playing the game, says a former West Indies star

SO FAR, THE AUSTRALIAN cricket tour has happily lacked any "incidents." Not even "bodyline" bowling has disturbed the harmony. All concerned may congratulate themselves.

In the past, I have experienced a very different sort of atmosphere surrounding big cricket.

In cricket, friction is caused in all kinds of unexpected ways, not only between rival teams, but at times within the teams themselves.

I made my first cricket tour of England in 1923. I was a nervous boy with thirty shillings a week spending money and overawed by the great reputations of the white players. When rain held up play between West Indies and Gloucestershire, I became friendly with young Wally Hammond, then as unknown as myself. We got up to various tricks, including helping ourselves to most of the sweet course intended for the teams' luncheon. We had a fine time and swore eternal friendship.

In 1925-26, England sent a touring team to the West Indies. One of its stars was Wally Hammond, who had shot to fame since I met him at Bristol.

When the M.C.C. team came to Trinidad, I waited on the quay to greet Wally and congratulate him. But when he walked ashore, and I tried to speak to him, he seemed to look the other way, as if he did not wish to acknowledge any acquaintanceship with me.

I know now that it was a misunderstanding on my part. But as I walked away I felt the blood rush to my cheeks. I felt humiliated before the crowd. I swore I would get even with him.

Began to Bounce Them

I was chosen for the Test and presently found myself with the ball and Wally with his bat in the blockhole. I put down a couple of straight ones at top speed and then began to bounce the ball on the leg side. I have been told that in those days the ball left my hand at 100 m.p.h. It has been said that I was at one time the fastest bowler in the world.

Wally didn't like it. But Wally is in a class by himself. He set out to smash my bowling to tatters, to make me look easy and, perhaps, to hit such a cannonball straight at me as would lay me flat.

Wally got out for a moderate score. Every time after that, when we faced each other down a pitch, I went for his average and he went for mine. Someone went to Lord Tennyson, in charge of the M.C.C team and complained that I was bumping the ball unfairly at Wally. Tennyson replied: "Let Hammond knock him to hell, my boy. That's the only way to put an end to that stuff."

Year after year, as Wally and I became more famous, we devised new ways of going for each other. The thing became one of those cricket scandals which give delight behind the pavilion doors but are seldom mentioned outside. Our enmity was obvious to everybody.

We kept it up for ten years, in which time Wally only once got a century when I was bowling. Then, in a Test at Old Trafford, Skipper Grant told me to bowl leg-theory. I hold the belief, supported by Jardine, W. G. Grace, Bill Edrich, McCabe and a good many others, that "bodyline" can be knocked to the place Lord Tennyson mentioned. But I was glad to use it, because Hammond was facing me.

Wally got a nasty cut on the chin and had to retire. Then he did a very big thing. As I came into the pavilion, he came up to me, looking rather beplastered and knocked about, and held out his hand.

"We've played the fool for ten years," he said. "Let's play cricket from now on, Learie!"

We became the best of friends, have captained Test teams against each other and, though we have never ceased to try to put each other down, we have done it ever since "the nice way." That is how all cricket vendettas should end.

Might Have Killed Him

Some years ago, during an M.C.C. tour of the West Indies, Arnott of Glamorgan became involved in a misunderstanding which began with a practical joke and went to considerable lengths.

One evening, when the team was dancing at a club in Kingston, Arnott's rival made a pointed remark about his swimming. Arnott could swim a few strokes but had never, as far as I know, dived in his life. Something was said about this.

Attached to the club was on open-air swimming pool. Arnott left the dance floor, wearing full evening dress, climbed to the top of a tower beside the swimming pool and, from a height of forty feet, without so much as removing his jacket, jumped feet first into the water below.

Arnott weighed upwards of seventeen stone. Everybody thought he would kill himself. The splash was colossal. But he climbed, calm and dripping and quite uninjured, out of what was left of the pool. He had performed one of the pluckiest acts I had ever known—and one of the most unnecessarily dangerous—just because of one of those behind-the-scenes quarrels.

One Englishman - versus - Australian rivalry was that between Bradman and Tate. Don was able to make some big scores against England's 1928-29 team, but Tate spent hours at the nets perfecting an in-swinger on the leg stump which beat him. Bradman made century after century when his team-mates were failing, but he could not cope with Tate's in-swinger. After making some village-green swipes, which usually failed to connect, he tried to leave the Sussex man to the other Australian batsmen.

Tate was already a veteran at that time. After the final Test of the tour, he took Bradman aside. "We shall see you in England, my boy—but keep your bat straighter. Those cross-bat shots won't do on English wickets."

It was a kind thing to say; the sort of tip many a young player has been grateful for, and I among them. But for some reason Bradman seemed to take it amiss.

When he came to England in 1930, he set out from the start to knock Tate's bowling silly. Bradman got his thousand runs in May, and then came the first Test with Bradman batting and Tate bowling.

Made Bradman Seem Novice

Tate was roused to one last display of his fierce bowling powers. Soon Bradman was on his way back with a small score, knowing that he had again been made to appear a novice. In the second innings, Don made a friendly gibe to Tate as he went to the wicket. From that moment he "farmed" Tate's bowling all to himself and he beat it as if he were beating something to death.

Then came the third Test at Leeds. Bradman made 334 in the first innings, and this time it was beyond doubt that Tate was being "murdered."

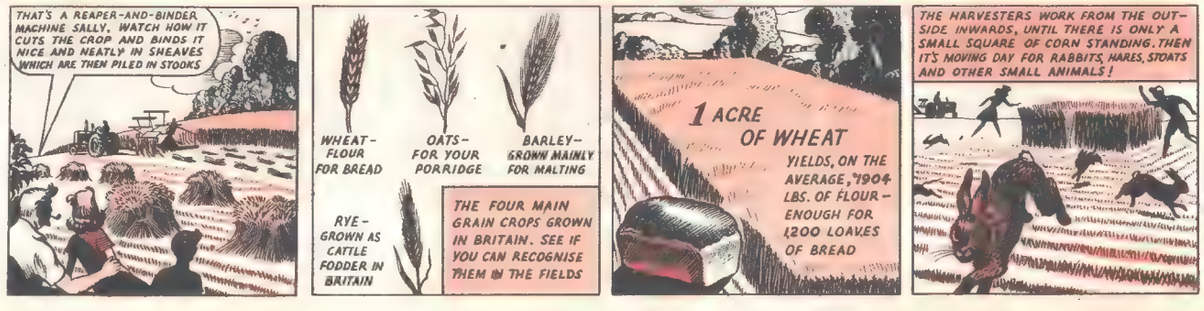
Tate played a lot more cricket and even went to Australia again; but Bradman's star was rising and his was setting. I would place Tate as the best bowler I have ever faced, bar none, but years and Don Bradman finished him as a cricketer.

What does it add up to? First—if Test cricketers were all as gentle as cooing doves you would never see a side of the game that warms the heart and the memory. If there had never been a tinge of spitefulness and wickedness in the epics between W. G. Grace and "Demon" Spofforth, nothing would remain worth telling today when both are dust.

It is these personal rivalries which give cricket much of its tang, the electric suspense which sets the people in the stands chewing the heads of their umbrellas and vitalizes every player out there in the middle.

But when they go too far there is real detriment to the traditions of cricket. I have been both "antagonist" and skipper, and I know that there must always be preserved that discipline on the field which prevents violent antagonism from developing into hate.

UNCLE ANDY — *Gathering in the Harvest*


THAT'S A REAPER-AND-BINDER MACHINE SALLY. WATCH HOW IT CUTS THE CROP AND BINDS IT NICE AND NEATLY IN SHEAVES WHICH ARE THEN PILED IN STOOKS
WHEAT—FLOUR FOR BREAD
OATS—FOR YOUR PORRIDGE
BARLEY—GROWN MAINLY FOR MALTING
RYE—GROWN AS CATTLE FODDER IN BRITAIN
THE FOUR MAIN GRAIN CROPS GROWN IN BRITAIN. SEE IF YOU CAN RECOGNISE THEM IN THE FIELDS
1 ACRE OF WHEAT
YIELDS, ON THE AVERAGE, 1904 LBS. OF FLOUR—ENOUGH FOR 1200 LOAVES OF BREAD
THE HARVESTERS WORK FROM THE OUTSIDE INWARDS, UNTIL THERE IS ONLY A SMALL SQUARE OF CORN STANDING. THEN IT'S MOVING DAY FOR RABBITS, HARES, STOATS AND OTHER SMALL ANIMALS!

Just Like a Lady

by OLIVE P. BARRETT

ILLUSTRATED BY FORSTER

"Having a lovely holiday. Lots of love. Mum." Emmie read over the post card before sending it off. She had a guilty feeling—but only for a moment

The child sniffed again and stared up at her. "He lives up the 'Igh Street, missis," one boy said

EMMIE PARSONS leaned back in her deck chair and looked at the sea. She looked at the sea because it was there and that was what she had come away for. She had been looking at it now, off and on, for three days.

There was a lot of it, but that was about all you could say for it. Of course, it was pretty, the way it sparkled in the sun, but she couldn't understand why people went so silly over it.

She sat with her plump, work-roughened hands clasped round her new brown leather bag. She regarded the bag, lying in her capacious lap, with a glint of pride in her eyes. Real leather! She didn't like to speculate what Elsie had paid for it. Enough to have kept the lot of them in food for a month in the old days.

But it was so much small change to Elsie. Fancy little Else a rich woman, a film star! She'd never get used to the idea.

They'd all done her credit. Lovely kids they were. Seven of them, and she'd reared them all. Young Alfie was doing well in Canada. Harry in the Merchant Navy. Joan and Mary married, and comfortably settled. And now Babs—married on Saturday and off on her honeymoon. Well, it had been a lovely wedding, and he was a nice young fellow. They'd do all right.

Only Danny out of it all. She thought of her eldest son lying somewhere in an unnamed grave in a place called Singapore, the whereabouts of which even the closest application to the map had never been able to reveal to her. She only knew that it was a very long way off and peopled with a dark-skinned, alien race.

She could never quite understand why her son should have had to go so far away to fight for his country, but she supposed there was a reason. She wasn't very clever—never had much of an education and she didn't pretend, like some, that she could do better at running things than those at the top. All the same, it did seem hard that her Danny, who'd wanted to go in for plumbing, like his dad, should have been packed off to the other side of the world to die.

Although he had been a man when she said goodbye to him, whenever she thought of Danny it was as a little boy. She saw him, freckled and tousle headed and dirty knee-ed. It was just as though he had never grown up at all.

If she could only have seen his grave, kept it nice for him, got him a stone. It wasn't so bad when you knew where they were. Like it was with his father, for instance, lying there in the churchyard at Peckham with the stone angel at his head. Dear old Albert. He'd be really proud of that stone if he could see it.

She missed Albert cruelly sometimes, but it was a comfort to know that he was decently buried and to walk up to the cemetery on a Sunday afternoon and give him fresh flowers and make it tidy for him. There was nothing left to do for Danny.

LOOKING out now at the far horizon, she wondered, the thought turning slowly round in her mind, if there was a God. All that sea and sky, and beyond that more sky, and beyond that—what?

She shook her head. "That's the worst of the sea," she thought, "it makes you think." The immensity was too much for her. She was seized with nostalgia for the security of the little streets of Camberwell.

She heaved herself slowly up from the deck chair and peered round for a sight of the clock tower before she remembered that she had a wrist watch now. It was another extravagant present from Elsie. She never dared wear it at home. She was always afraid she would plunge her hands into the wash-tub or washing-up bowl before she had remembered to take it off.

But here there was no such danger. No washing. No dirty dishes. Nothing to do but live "just like a lady," as Elsie and Babs had laughingly told her when they arranged it all for her.

She looked with dismay at the hands of the watch. Only eleven o'clock! What would she do until lunchtime? She set off through the carefully laid out gardens towards the old part of the little town. Here there were one or two shops of the kind that she liked and a Woolworths through which she could potter, and where she could have a cup of tea.

If only the girls had let her go to Margate or Southend! But no. She was to have a complete change. She'd love Sandybay, they'd said. It was such a pretty place, and smart, and she was to stay at a posh hotel and have the best of everything.

Bless them! They were dear girls, and, of course, it was a lovely holiday, but time hung so heavy with nothing to do all day, and the place wasn't a patch on Margate.

So quiet, and not so much as a whelk or a cockle stall on the front. She sighed as she thought of Bank Holidays long past. The packed train, the jolly company, the cheerful chatter of the jostling crowds on the promenade, the shouting of the stallholders. And the beaches so thick with holidaymakers that it was all you could do to find a place to picnic in.

Southend's sea, Margate's sea, fringed with a milling mass of paddlers of all ages, had been as homely and familiar as the paddling pool on Clapham Common, with horizons that had seemed to stretch no farther than could be compassed by the *Skylark* in a shilling trip.

She turned away from the sea and approached the well-known, red-painted front of Woolworths with a happy sigh. Here she was at home. Once inside and she might have been back in Camberwell. Lingering over the piled counters, she thought how glad she was that she had not let them persuade her to move from the little house in Carter's Row.

FIVE thousand pounds Elsie had wanted to pay for a house in Hampstead for her. Hampstead indeed! What would she be doing in a place like that? A lovely house, mind you—a real palace. But she didn't want a palace. Besides, it was too far from the cemetery. And anyway, Camberwell was all she wanted. She and Albert had lived in Carter's Row all their married life. Her children had been born and brought up there. Albert had died there. It was home.

"But, Mum, darling," Elsie had said. "It can't be the same to you now. Most of your friends have left, some are dead. What is there to keep you there?"

What indeed? They were lovely kids, but they didn't understand. You couldn't make them understand. The place had changed—there were new faces, new names—but the life of the street, the boisterous, full, teeming life went on just the same. Weddings, and births, and funerals, and sometimes squabbles and fights. There was always something happening.

She supposed the same things happened in Hampstead. But they happened discreetly, behind closed doors, in houses set apart. And in Hampstead she would be Mrs. Parsons. In Carter's Row she was Aunt Em, at the hub of it all. Newcomers might come to the street, but it was never long before they knew Aunt Em.

"Aunt Em! Oh, please, Aunt Em, could you come? Mum's been taken

bad." "He's all over a rash, Aunt Em. If you'd just have a look at him. You'll be sure to know." "Aunt Em . . . Aunt Em. . . ."

That was what Carter's Row meant to her.

She spun the time out in Woolworths as long as she could and then meandered on down the street, gazing into shop windows, the contents of which she knew almost off by heart, and at the newsagents she bought a copy of her favourite weekly woman's paper.

She wasn't much of a one for reading, but there was a nice tale running just now as a serial. Only she'd like to have been able to give that silly girl in it some advice. She could have told her in a moment that the young chap with the car wasn't going to be any good to her.

Thank goodness she'd never had any trouble with *her* girls. They'd all shown real good sense in picking their fellows. Sometimes she got a little worried about Elsie, in with that picture crowd. But she'd got her head screwed on all right.

She didn't really want to go back to the hotel for lunch. She never felt quite at ease in the big dining-room, with waiters pulling out her chair for her, handing her the menu with a flourish and calling her "Madam." It didn't seem much of a job for a man, somehow. She'd have liked to find herself a nice café, with a young woman waitress she could have had a little chat with.

But she was paying a shocking price, all in, at the hotel and she couldn't bring herself to pay twice over for her midday meal.

After lunch she decided she would go down to the coach office at the far end of the town and see if there were any nice trips for the evening.

She walked the length of the promenade until she reached the breakwater by the little harbour, and then she sat down on a seat to rest for a few minutes. Below her was a small beach where fishermen's nets lay drying in the sun.

Visitors' children seldom played here. It wasn't a very clean beach. The water had oily patches and there was always a rim of refuse cast up on the sand from the harbour. A little bunch of barefooted boys from the town, however, were playing happily among the nets, their shouts mingling with the outlandish cry of the seagulls.

She beamed on them. Their trousers were patched, their shirts were frayed. They were noisy and brown faced and dirty. They were just what it was natural for little boys to be.

Suddenly, from out of the medley of sound came a scream. It rose to a sobbing crescendo. There was fright as well as pain in it. She peered down into the knot of children and saw that the one who was crying was a very little chap, the smallest of them all. He could hardly have been more than four or five.

With astonishing speed and briskness for her bulk she was on her feet and off down the concrete slope that led to the beach. Yes, he was a very little fellow. Tears had made cleanish tracks down his dirty face. He had the kind of freckled nose that always made her think of Danny. He had trodden on a broken bottle and the blood was pouring from a deep gash in a foot that was covered in sand.

"We'll soon fix that," she said cheerfully, kneeling down beside him on the sand. "Here, let's see if Aunt Em can find you a sweet."

Rummaging in her bag she found a peppermint lump and a clean handkerchief. "One of you boys just take that and damp it in the sea. That's a good boy. Now I'm not going to hurt you. I'm only going to dab round it. That's

Continued on page 21

P.S. on "Private Lives"

In a John Bull article on the significance of the American survey, *Sexual Behaviour in the Human Male*, the Rev. W. E. Purcell emphasized that the published facts were a challenge to our own standards, since today American influence reaches out far beyond the U.S.A.

The report, compiled by Prof. Alfred C. Kinsey, showed that eighty-five per cent of the American men interviewed had full sex relationship with women before marriage; thirty per cent, while married, had relations with women other than their wives; seventy per cent had some traffic with prostitutes. Here are readers' postscripts on the subject

Intelligent readers will welcome John Bull's courageous exposure of American sex ethics in the article "Private Lives" (July 24).

The fusion of violence, sloppy sentiment and exhibitionism in far too many American films is an appalling comment on a so-called enlightened civilization. "Sexy" film posters, depicting half-clad women brandishing stockwhips or tommy guns, are just about the limit.—*Geoffrey P. Wheeler, 224a Woodhouse Road, London, N.12.*

His article seems to show that the Rev. W. E. Purcell is unaware of the very close similarity in sexual behaviour of Americans and Britons.

It is not as if promiscuity were a rare occurrence in Britain. And here, too, the number of illegitimate births gives cause for alarm.

I'm afraid the old "one man—one woman" type of Britisher is on his way out.—*Jack Gordon, 18 Reighton Road, London, E.5.*

A. G. K. Leonard

The Rev. W. E. Purcell's important and courageous article on the Kinsey report completely debunks ideas about the superiority of U. S. "civilization." More than that, it shows that closer association with America threatens our cultural and moral standards as well as undermining our political and economic independence.

He who sups with the Devil needs a very long spoon—and even then cannot be sure of escaping contagion.—*A. G. K. Leonard, 10 Claverton Street, London, S.W.1.*

Purcell's forthright comments on Kinsey's study of a "sexually sick society" are very much to the point at a time when gratitude for Marshall aid might cause us to imitate unpleasant features of American life.

In fairness to Americans as a whole, however, it is to be noted that some experts have questioned the validity of Kinsey's statistics. Perhaps his old job as a taxonomist engaged in measuring the wing lengths of 150,000 gall wasps was not the best qualification for investigating human sexual behaviour.

Whatever the scientific merits of the Kinsey report, the real question is: would a similar survey in this country shake our British complacency and sense of superiority?—*Curious.* (*Full name and address enclosed.*)

Does Purcell really believe a survey of sexual behaviour such as Kinsey's [*12,000 personal interviews*] can produce truthful answers. This is a subject on which most men lie like the devil.

As for his comments on G.I.s in Britain during the war—well, they were away from home and they were chased by British girls. They're probably all innocent, blue-eyed boys again now.—*J. H.* (*Full name and address enclosed.*)

Kinsey's book, *Sexual Behaviour in the Human Male*, shows that human beings achieve their maximum sexuality at the age of puberty. Our "moral code," which the Rev. W. E. Purcell defends, attempts to repress natural sexuality until marriage is economically possible—that is, for perhaps ten years after puberty.

Such repression, according to at least one expert, leads to neurotic disturbances and perversion, and creates a demand for pornographic literature. This is a heavy price to pay for a "moral code" that has no justification on scientific grounds and which is more responsible for sexual delinquency than the "erotic stimulus" postulated by Purcell.—*Harold H. Sculthorpe, 45 Catharine Street, Liverpool, 8.*

As the Rev. W. E. Purcell says, there's far too much American slush and smut in this country. Bookstalls are littered with cheap American magazines and books. It's ridiculous we should waste dollars in this fashion.

The sooner we get down to developing and encouraging British moral standards and the British code of life, the better for future generations.—*British Citizen.* (*Full name and address enclosed.*)

Miss M. B. Erskine

Why, during a paper famine, is paper made available for trashy novelettes? We must ruthlessly prevent our children becoming the sophisticated little horrors that America is breeding.—*Miss M. B. Erskine, Davaar, Kirn, Dunoon, Argyll.*

Surely Purcell's warning to Britain to be on her guard against immorality is too late to be effective. The Christian ethics of the past have already been washed away by the flood of temptation presented by two world wars. With the loss of these ideals the whole foundation of happy home life has also gone, as evidenced by ever-increasing divorce.

The only way back to respectability is through rediscovery of Christian teachings.—*R. C. Shepperton, 33a Tagwell Road, Droitwich Spa, Worcs.*

Andre Chaptal

Writing about Canadian girls with their "smoothly brushed hair, their soap-and-water faces and their air of childlike modesty," Purcell implies that this is due to the predominance of British influences over American in Canada.

As a French student in Britain, I've seen more awkwardly powdered faces than soap-and-water faces over here. As for sexual offences in Britain, their high number and the youth of the delinquents astonish me.

I agree with Purcell's remedy, the rediscovery of respect for Christian standards in sexual life, but the British attitude towards sex must first become less hypocritical.—*Andre Chaptal, 33 Vancouver Road, Edgware, Middx.*

During one war, I had the honour to wear the British uniform; during the other the American. The pride of my English ancestry, the dignity of the republic in which I was born, compel me to say that the Rev. W. E. Purcell is beneath contempt.—*James F. Porter, 115 Spring Gardens, Buxton, Derbyshire.*

"My dear, you'd never guess—*curtain material!*"

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THERE'S GOLD IN HIS GARDEN

LIKE many another railwayman, reader J. B. Taylor is a keen gardener, but few can have made hundreds of pounds whilst turning over the soil, as he has at "Highgate," New Road, Armitage, Rugeley.

Besides gardening, you see, this fifty-five year old signalman is a keen *Bullets* entrant and he recently crowned a long run of success by winning a big First Prize cheque and free holiday.

"I've made some of my best efforts whilst gardening," he told JOHN BULL. "But I've always had my *Bulletin* handy, for to be without *Bullets Bulletin* is like being a workman without tools."

On this page is a form that will bring you 48 pages of this invaluable guide to our prize-lists. Post it to Long Acre by Monday, August 23, with your entry for this week's fine offer of Cheques and "Super-Gifts."

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3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated Sept. 11, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

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The Pioneer Spirit	Going Backwards
In Nature's Safe	Fair Trial
To The Public	Desirable Residence
Man On The Tight-rope	Shock For Sandy
Ripening	Looked Sweet
Roll Up Your Sleeves And	Now We've A Baby
Worth Something	**Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions**
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FIRST PRIZE, £250 plus Swiss Holiday for Two: D. H. Slater, 77 Coed Coch Road, Old Colwyn, N. Wales:

THE ONLY WAY TO PRESERVE PEACE, "UNFREEZE."

SECOND PRIZE, £25 plus Seaside Holiday: Mrs. L. Tranter, 2 Ashton Road, Glasshoughton, Castleford: FLOOD OF GOODS—OR OUR BREAD DRY.

THIRD PRIZE, £10 plus Seaside Holiday: C. Williams, 76 Trealaw Road, Trealaw, Rhondda: SMASHED THE BLOCKADE — WITH FLYING-COLOURS, FLYING COLLIERS.

OTHER AWARDS. Ten of £5: C. Belchem, 64 Goodwood Road, New Cross, S.E.14: "WHAT'S YOUR POISON?"—AND GRANDAD'S FANG APPEARS! W. Bobbett, "Bridge Mount," Teignmouth: SHIP OF PEACE—UNO'S UNMANAGEABLE "LIFEBOAT" RAMMING! J. Bowers, 1 Stanier Street, Newcastle: EASY MEAT—NEARLY ALL BONE, TAXPAYER! A. Bull, 51 Glenorchy Road, Sheffield, 7: SHIP OF PEACE—RUSSIANS RESPECT, ARMED "ICE-BREAKER." Miss E. Kilpatrick, 7 Latta Crescent, Old Cumnock, Ayrshire: THE TARGET—*Prevents* FOREMAN "CLOSING EYE." G. Mackenzie, 2 The Beechwalk, Liverpool, 14: GIRL ON HOLIDAY—ALMOST, SCRUBBING *New* HOUSE! G. Oliver, 123 Barcombe Avenue, London, S.W.2: WENT FLYING—COLLAR-STUD—DAD'S "WINGS" UNLIKELY! A. T. Perry, 41 Donovan Avenue, Muswell Hill, N.10: IN BERLIN—BEAR'S BID FORBIDS FORBEARANCE. Mrs. Whitelaw, 102 Stenhouse Avenue, Edinburgh, 11: EASY MEAT—FOR COMMUNISTS, "MIDDLE COURSE." C. H. Williams, 32a Meadow Road, Southborough: IN BERLIN—FACES SAVED? HEADS LOST?

Holidays arranged by Cook's. 20 prizes of £1 1s. and 1,000 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

XWORD £100 and SEASIDE WEEKS

Prizes value up to

£100 1st Prize and Awards **£225**

value £25 amongst Runners-up

★ SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR TWO with each cheque for £25 or over

THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

If you prefer to send extra sets of Answers on plain paper, you may do so, but form below saves you the time, trouble and paper involved.

Across Clues **XWORD 595**

1. Violent storm occasionally leaves damaged and dangerous
2. What tub-thumper needs
5. Can be valued for their handsome appearance
6. A man is glad when given time by
7. Highly sensitive poet is rarely satisfied with this
9. One may have something to do with electricity
12. In winter, popular seaside resorts aren't quite so much this
13. Even a landsman may perhaps know what this means

Down Clues

1. Tremendous pressure is at times exerted on this
3. It gets along with the help of air
4. Few people have a good word for these
7. This on course can be of the nature of hazard
8. Can all too easily tempt a man to bite off more than he can chew
10. It's easy to spoil
11. One can be sadly disappointed if one expects too much from

WIN A CHEQUE AND SEASIDE HOLIDAY

1 L	I	N	E	■	■	2 S	■	A	3 P	
E	G	■	M	■	4 R	I	■	N	L	
5 V	O	L	U	■	E	S	■	P	A	
E	R	E	■	■	■	■	6	U	N	
■	■	M	O	■	S	P	■	■	■	
■	7 W	O	R	■	■	A	8 P	E	■	
9	A	N	■	■	10 C	U	R	■	T	
■	■	■	11	■	12 A	L	I	■	E	
■	E	L	I	■	■	■	■	■	N	
13 B	R	I	D	■	E	595	E	N	D	

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with *one* extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated September 4.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

595 Closing Postmark, MON., AUG. 23

I enclose P.O. value....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

JUST LIKE A LADY: from previous page

dressed her and laid her snug in her cradle, and she was downstairs in the living-room setting table for the children's meal, while Mrs. Higgins, in a state of bewildered, incredulous relief, was sitting propped up in her pillows, enjoying a nice strong cup of tea.

"Now you don't have to say another word," said Emmie, later that evening. "I'm just going to pop over to the hotel and fetch a few things for the night, and I can have a shakedown on the sofa downstairs. I've got another twelve days down here and by that time you'll be on your feet again."

Fred Higgins, a plump, round ball of a little man, sat by his wife's bed. He looked slightly dazed and perfectly helpless. He opened his mouth to speak, closed it again and gulped, but his eyes were eloquent with dumb gratitude and relief.

"I don't know how to thank you," said his wife. "We're that grateful to you."

"Then don't try, my dear," said Emmie. She was standing by the baby's crib. The wrist watch was on the mantelpiece, her hands were a crinkled pink from immersion in much hot, soapy water and her face was flushed and shiny from the steam. She beamed down at the red, wrinkled face of the infant. "Just you call her Emmeline, like you said, after me, and that'll be thanks enough. I shall be real proud. Ah, she's Aunt Emmie's lovely girl, isn't she?"

She continued to gaze, enraptured, into the cradle. She was completely sincere. To the end of her days the miracle of birth would never cease to thrill and enchant her.

After she had put on her coat downstairs she sat down for a moment at the living-room table. Glancing round the little cluttered room she gave a sigh of satisfaction. She'd have a real go at it tomorrow.

She fumbled in her bag and produced a picture post card of the front. She had been meaning all day to send it to Elsie. She would write it now and drop it in the post box on the way over to the hotel.

"Dear Elsie,—Having a lovely holiday. Lots of love, Mum." Just for a fleeting moment she had a guilty feeling, but she stifled it resolutely. What the eye didn't see the heart didn't grieve over. The girls'd never know.

And anyway, whose holiday was it? Lovely kids they were, but they didn't understand. She couldn't get on with their kind of holiday. This was life. Her life. Better than any holiday.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

What She'd Lose

A MARRIED WOMAN reader who is at work asks:

"If I discontinue contributing to National Insurance, what disadvantages would I suffer? If I were left a widow would I get a bigger pension if I had continued to pay my contributions?"

Main advantages of continuing in insurance are entitlement to claim sickness and unemployment benefits, and to a retirement pension of 26s. a week at sixty. For this purpose, there must be an average of fifty contributions for each contribution year throughout the whole period of insurance.

If you become a widow you will not be entitled to a higher pension by reason of your contributions. The allowance of a widow's pension is dependent on the husband's insurance record.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

THIS ACTUALLY HAPPENED

A pharmaceutical Chemist was filling a cigarette lighter with petrol, which overflowed. At the first spark the whole lighter burst into flame, enveloping his hand, which blistered in a few seconds. He applied cotton wool, soaked with T.C.P., and in 20 minutes was able to wash his hands. (*Chemist's original letter on file at T.C.P. Laboratories*).

T.C.P. *Regd*

When you apply T.C.P., it not only protects you against germs. It also relieves pain, reduces inflammation and speeds up clean, natural healing. Because it is so much more than just an antiseptic —T.C.P. is invaluable for use in emergency. From all Chemists.

Work a Joy

when healthy kidney action has relieved rheumatic pains, backache and urinary troubles.

MISCHIEF soon starts when the action of the kidneys slackens and permits excess uric acid and other harmful impurities to remain in the blood.

Possibly you feel tired, miserable and depressed; your back aching, muscles and joints stiff and sore. You may be bothered by lumbago, rheumatic pains, urinary and bladder disorders.

Take Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Thousands of healthy men and women testify that this well known kidney medicine has relieved these trying ailments. *Why not let Doan's do the same for you?*

1/7, 3/9½, 6/4. Ask your chemist for

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills

Holiday injuries to the foot should be protected against infection, and discomfort eased. Cuts, scratches, grazes, sore places and blisters, all need Elastoplast — and now there are two kinds to choose from. There is Waterproof Elastoplast (the new plastic skin dressing) for protection in water; fabric Elastoplast for all other occasions.

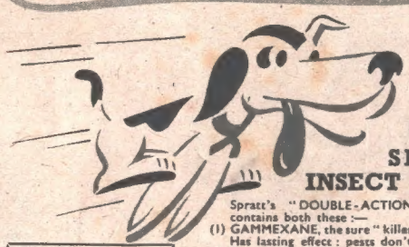
SAME FOOT – DIFFERENT DRESSING

Both dressings have a medicated pad that assists healing. Flesh coloured, they are inconspicuous; elastic and adhesive, they mould readily to all parts of the body. Don't forget Elastoplast in your holiday packing!

2 KINDS OF Elastoplast TRADE MARK

FIRST AID DRESSINGS — FABRIC OR WATERPROOF
BOTH IN **RED** TINS AT CHEMISTS

Pests can't catch me now!



Thanks to SPRATT'S INSECT POWDER

Spratt's "DOUBLE-ACTION" Insect Powder contains both these:—
(1) GAMMEXANE, the sure "killer" of fleas, lice, ticks. Has lasting effect; pests don't return!
(2) Fresh PYRETHRUM, super-sifted for extra fineness to ensure deep penetration of dog's coat.
Sprinkler drums: 4½d. Large Kennel size: 5/-.

SPRATT'S SOAPLESS SHAMPOO for DOGS
Produces a copious foam that penetrates deeply, thoroughly cleaning the coat and leaving it beautifully glossy.
NO COUPONS REQUIRED
In 1/3 cartons (6 powders)

SPRATT'S INSECT POWDER
Look for the Red and White Label!

SPRATT'S PATENT LTD · 41-47 BOW ROAD · LONDON · E.3

Look what happens—when you end DRY SCALP!

On the left, this man's got Dry Scalp. His hair is untidy, won't stay in place. And it's dry and lifeless and has no gloss on it. Loose dandruff shows at the parting and on his coat collar. There's no Dry Scalp on the right, thanks to 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic. His hair is healthy, glossy, and dandruff has gone. Just massage gently with this Tonic Dressing every morning, but please use it sparingly as supplies are still short.

TRADE **Vaseline** MARK BRAND
HAIR TONIC
The Dressing that ends Dry Scalp

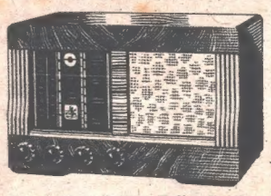
P.S. WOMEN AND MEN! 'VASELINE' SOAPLESS SHAMPOO IS NOW IN THE SHOPS AGAIN. 5d. A PACKET

1741-1 Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Ltd.

Buying radio in a buyers' market

It's so long since we had a buyers' market that many people have forgotten how it favours the shopper. It means big selection, keenly competitive prices, reliable quality and those behind the counter on their toes to serve you. In fact, with the return of the buyers' market *this* is the time to buy a new set.

In offering you Etronic radio we expect you to put us through it now you can pick and choose to your heart's content. Indeed, secretly we hope you will because that's the only way you'll find out what good sets we make. For instance Model RA 640, illustrated, will stand comparison in performance and reliability with many far more expensive sets. We've cut out the frills and put the money into more important things which affect the quality of listening, and we've kept the price down to £21 13.9. including purchase tax. Send for full particulars of this and other Etronic models.



ETRONIC RADIO

Hale Electric Co. Ltd., West Ealing, London

P4

The **HALL MARK of VALUE**

for Poultry Houses Sheds and Greenhouses of highest quality at lowest outlay.

Write for details of strong Sheds and Greenhouses, of heavyweight timber construction, complete with glass. Also Asbestos Garages. Available for Cash or on simple Hire Purchase terms.

DELIVERY FREE In England and Wales. Scotland Extra.

ROBERT H. HALL & CO. (Kent) LTD.
Dept. J.B.10, PADDOCK WOOD, KENT
(One of the Austin-Hall Group of Companies)

felt TO BE BETTER . .

It's what you don't feel that makes Brylshave the perfected shave. No razor scrape; no drag; no clog. You too will find Brylshave surprisingly comfortable — special ingredients leave the skin delightfully supple and refreshed. Well, try it! In jars 1/9d., tubes 1/3½d.

BRUSHLESS
Brylshave
"SURPRISINGLY COMFORTABLE"
Made by the makers of **BRYLCREEM**

Shopping at the
CO-OP
COSTS YOU LESS!

IT costs you less for two reasons: you share in the CO-OP's "profits" (you get dividend on your purchases)—because you and your fellow-members own it; and you *also* share in the "profits" of the C.W.S., the famous Wholesale and manufacturing group which supplies the shop—because the CO-OP's own the C.W.S. You get a double benefit, so shopping at the CO-OP *naturally* costs you less.

An announcement of the CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY Ltd.

Which way does INDIGESTION take you?
Like Mr. Smith? USED TO FIND THAT BUSINESS WORRIES UPSET HIS DIGESTION
Like Mother? WHO SOMETIMES FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE AFTER MEALS
Like Molly? ALWAYS FIT EXCEPT WHEN SHE PLAYS TOO HARD ON TOP OF A MEAL

They all get quick relief with
BISURATED Magnesia

MANY KINDS of indigestion are caused by excess acidity — which is quickly corrected by 'Bisurated' Magnesia. 1/9 and 3/7 in Tablet or Powder form (plain or mint-flavoured). Don't forget — if your indigestion trouble persists you should always get medical advice.

High Pressure Holidays call for 'ASPRO'

Most of us are apt to cram just that little bit too much into our holidays. Chills, feverishness, sudden feelings of tiredness or lassitude are often the result. All that is needed is to have a tape of **'ASPRO' handy** — and use it straightaway — its swift action dispels the symptoms in a matter of minutes. If these minor health troubles arise you will bless the fact you remembered to take 'ASPRO' with you.

-BE SURE OF SAFE RELIEF *from* SUNGLARE HEADACHES, SLEEPLESSNESS, HOT WEATHER DISCOMFORTS, SUDDEN CHILLS, RHEUMATIC TWINGES, NERVE STRAIN.

ASPRO REG. TRADE MARK **PRICES 4D. 7½D. 1/5** Made by ASPRO LIMITED, Slough, Bucks

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Miss Wise knows...

lovely teeth stay lovely when Gums are kept healthy!

GUM infection does more harm to health than tooth decay, and 80% of the population suffer from gum trouble.

So, if you're wise, you'll care for your gums as well as your teeth—by allowing your dentist to examine your teeth and gums regularly and using S.R. Toothpaste daily.

With S.R. you do more than keep your teeth sparkling white; for while you are cleaning them the sodium ricinoleate in S.R. penetrates *inside the gums* and stimulates resistance to disease germs.

Many dentists themselves use S.R. because it's so good for the gums, and they recommend it to follow up their treatment of gum complaints.

You keep teeth lovely with S.R. and you keep gums healthy as well.

Gibbs **S.R.** *Toothpaste*

Standard size 1/4
Large size 2/-
(both inc. tax)

GR 193-76

GUINNESS TIME

G.E.1413